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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL POEMS,

TALES, AND TRANSLATIONS,

WITH NOTES,

BY THE LATE

REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

THE

REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.

AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

—— Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, inceſſu, patuit Dea. VIRG.

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged either on this ſide or that; and though Conſcience is the common *Word*, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of *their* conſcience, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this advertiſement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them either Sects or Churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the ſeveral members of them; at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. For example:

there are ſome of the Church by law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty of conſcience to Diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come over to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gunſhot. Our phyſicians have obſerved, that, in proceſs of time, ſome diſeaſes have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe, who have formerly been enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholic Religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of perſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the Diſſenters, in their addreſſes to his Majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has

"reſtored God to his empire over conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs; but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe, whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that they ſuffered not before for conſcience ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a Church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Chriſtian King, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them, that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn

them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter and the beginning of this ſpring, though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his Majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad: which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in ſome hope, that the Church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Teſt, which was one deſign of the poem, when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended: I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacked in print; and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutcheſs (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſuperviſers of his pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider, whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer; and

at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of Humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh, (I believe I may ſay in any other tongue:) for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mrs. James, to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond, being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly

neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Epiſodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common places of Satire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one Church againſt the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER *.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;

* This piece is a defence of the Roman Catholic Church, by way of dialogue between a Hind, who repreſents the Church of Rome, and a Panther, who ſuſtains the character of the Church of England. Theſe two beaſts very learnedly debate the principal points controverted between the two Churches, as tranſubſtantiation, infallibility, church-authority, &c. This poem was immediately attacked by the wits; particularly by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who joined in writing *The Hind and Panther, parodied in the Story of the Country Mouſe and the City Mouſe.* DERRICK.

* There is a pointed alluſion to this poem, in a ſatire entitled *Ecebolius Britannicus, or A Memento to the Jacobites of the higher order;* in which, indeed, many of Dryden's phraſes and ſentiments are introduced, and printed in the Italic character.—This ſatire is worthy of peruſal. It occurs in "The loyal and impartial Satyriſt, containing eight Miſcellany Poems, 4to. Lond. 1694."

ECEBOLIUS BRITANNICUS, &c.

You, whom Religion *ſits ſo looſe about,*
That you *want* charity *to fill it out;*
You that can't ſwear, (that might conſiſt with Love)
Yet curſe and damn like the great Lateran Jove;
Remember him who lately ſeem'd to ſay,
What is Religion but a Solemn Play?
We do but act a while, and then give o'er;
And, when we quit this ſtage, we are no more.

Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.

In vain men hope *th' abyſs of light* to ſee,
No ſpirits wait in *hollow trees* beneath,
Nor is there any *bellowing* after death,
'Tis all but vain and ſenſeleſs poetry:
Death ſhuts the comick ſcene; when parted hence
None ever cry'd, *What am I, or from whence?*
No dæmons walk; no glaring *eye-balls rowl;*
But *horrid ſtillneſs* then invades the ſoul.
Great ſouls diſcern not when the leap's too wide;
Heroes will be for ever *changing ſide:*
And ſince religions vary like the wind,
Who would to one be *curſedly confin'd?*
He that can ſervilely *creep after one,*
Is ſafe, but *ne'er ſhall reach* promotion.
Sell Plays for Legends, (that's the way to proſper,)
I'll part with ſcenes for a more coſtly ſhrine;
Phillis for *Bridget*, or Saint *Katherine*,
Bizarre and *Eſcapade* for *Pater Noſter;*
My *Maximin* for *Lewis;* and I hope
To find a new *Almanzor* in the Pope.
Rome's Church, tho' once a whore, now cannot be;
She muſt be chaſte, becauſe ſhe's lov'd by me.
How dear is Mother-Church, how *charming fair,*
To a diſtreſſed ſinner in deſpair!
The world ſhall ſee I'll turn, *becauſe I dare.*
As once Empedocles to get a name,
Wing'd with ambition to be thought a god,
O'er unfrequented hills, and peaks untrod,
Paſs'd into ſcorching Ætna's liquid flame:
So to be dubb'd a ſaint, and fill a ſtory,
From *fairy land*, and dark *enchanted iſle,*
From *mountains of the moon*, and *head of Nile,*
Immortal Bays will paſs to Purgatory.

2.

But ha! what ſtrange new project here is ſhewn,
So long kept ſecret, and ſo lately known?
As if our old plot *modeſtly withdrew,*
And here in private were brought forth anew.
New almanacks foretel ſome change at hand,
When *bear-ſkinn'd men* in *floating caſtles land;*
And all our hopes, *like old men's children, be*
Blaſted and wither'd *in their infancy.*

Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds, 5
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds

Parſons and Curates *careleſs of their charge,*
And ſafe in holy eaſe, now *live at large;*
Unguarded leave their poſts, away they flie;
And all diſſolv'd in New Allegiance lie.
The Prelates are protected by the Bar,
Dull heroes fatten ſtill with ſpoils of war;
Ah! why ſhould a worſe fortune be deſign'd
For him that wrote the *Panther* and the *Hind!*
Is this the ſtate his Holineſs has giv'n?
Is this our Cape of Hope, and promis'd hav'n?
This province my Unhappy Change has got,
This portion is the loſing Convert's lot.
This region my falſe wandring ſteps have found,
And fortune *flies me like enchanted ground.*
Beſt take th' occaſion, and this clime forſake,
While time is given; Ho, *Brother Teague awake,*
If thou art he; *but ah! how ſunk in tone!*
How chang'd from proud *Bullero* to *O Hone!*
How faded all thy laurels are! I ſee
My fate too ſoon, and *my own change in thee.*
Into what wild diſtraction am I brought!
I'm loſt, and caught in *my own web of thought:*
I burn, I'm all on fire, I more than burn:
Stand off, *I have not leiſure yet* to turn.
What have theſe bears, theſe boars, and dirty ſwine,
Theſe heretick dogs, *to do with me or mine?*
I'll ne'er repent of ſuch a gallant crime:
When Wits are down, dull Fops *will watch their time.*
Our fame is huſh't, as hope itſelf lay dead,
And *Rome* begins to nod her drooping head:
The little *Teagues* in dreams their howls repeat,
And weeping laurels with the night-dew ſweat:
Panthers are now at reſt, but fear denies
Sleep to my *Hind,* and to her Poet's eyes.

This ſpirited poem, I ſhould add, is in the title-page only of the Miſcellany inſcribed, *To the truly Orthodox Critic and Poet, J. D———n, Eſq.*

TODD.

Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.

Ver. 1. *A milk-white Hind,*] It is impoſſible to add any thing to the juſt criticiſm, the true wit, and well-pointed ridicule, with which Mr. Montague and Mr. Prior attacked and expoſed the matchleſs abſurdity of the plan of this poem in the following words:—

"The favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to ſay in its defence, that the beſt things are capable of being turned to ridicule; that Homer has been burleſqued, and Virgil traveſted, without ſuffering any thing in their reputation from that buffoonery; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact poem, though 'tis the ſubject of our raillery. But there is this difference, that thoſe authors are wreſted from their true ſenſe, and this naturally falls into ridicule; there is nothing reprefented here as monſtrous and unnatural, which is not ſo equally in the original. Firſt as to the general deſign, is it not as eaſy to imagine two mice bilking coachmen, and ſupping at the Devil, as to ſuppoſe a hind entertaining the panther at a hermit's cell, diſcuſſing the greateſt myſteries of religion, and telling you her ſon Rodriguez writ very good Spaniſh? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the rules and examples of all fables, and to the very deſign and uſe of them? They were firſt began and raiſed to the higheſt perfection in the eaſtern countries, where they wrote in ſigns, and ſpoke in parables, and delivered the moſt uſeful precepts in delightful ſtories; which for their aptneſs were entertaining to the moſt judicious, and led the vulgar into underſtanding by ſurpriſing them with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All their fables carry a double meaning; the ſtory is one and entire; the characters the ſame throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the nature of the creatures they introduce. They never tell you, that the dog which ſnapt at a ſhadow loſt his troop of horſe—that would be unintelligible—a piece of fleſh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to mankind. They would not ſay that the daw, who was ſo proud of her borrowed plumes, looked very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chapters, which ſhe ſtole from him. But this is his new way of telling a ſtory, and confounding the moral and the fable together.

Before the word was written, ſaid the hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the faith to all mankind.

Not ſo her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine. 10
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal blood aroſe, 15
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine ſeed,
Endu'd with ſouls, increas'd the ſacred breed.

What relation has the hind to our Saviour? Or what notion have we of a panther's bible? If you ſay he means the Church, how does the Church feed on lawns, or range the foreſt? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed beaſt, for we cannot bear his ſhifting the ſcene every line. If it is abſurd in comedies to make a peaſant talk in the ſtrain of a hero, or a country wench uſe the language of a court, how monſtrous is it to make a prieſt of a hind, and a parſon of a panther! To bring them in diſputing with all the formalities and terms of the ſchool! Though, as to the arguments themſelves, thoſe, we confeſs, are ſuited to the capacity of the beaſts; and if we would ſuppoſe a hind expreſſing herſelf about theſe matters, ſhe would talk at that rate." Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1. —— *Hind,*] It is ſingular, that in the moſt curious account of old *Sanſkreet* Fables, given to us by Mr. *Wilkins*, entitled *Heeto-pades*, or Amicable Inſtruction, animals, like our hind and panther, are ſometimes abſurdly introduced as arguing on ſubjects of theology; a tyger is deſcribed as devout, and praiſing charity and religious duties; an old mouſe is well verſed in *Neetee Saſtras*, or Syſtem of Policy and Ethics; and a cat reads religious books. Mr. Wilkins tranſlated the *Mahabarat*, an Epic Poem, and Sir William Jones the *Sacontala*, a Drama of a ſurpriſing early date, and an invaluable curioſity on account of the manners deſcribed in it. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 14. ——— *the Caledonian wood,*] The ravages and diſorders committed by the Scotch covenanters gave occaſion to theſe lines. Derrick.

So captive Iſrael multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20
With grief and gladneſs mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corpſe to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.

Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone, 25
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſovereign power, her company diſdain'd;
Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity. 30
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mein,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beaſt, 35
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.

Ver. 21. ——— the *mother view'd*] Original edition, *their* mother. TODD.

Ver. 29. *Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye*
Gave gloomy ſigns &c.]

Dryden here, I think, had Milton in his mind. See Par. Loſt, x. 713.

——— or, with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him paſſing.——— TODD.

Ver. 35. *The bloody Bear, an independent beaſt,*] The Independents were a ſect of Proteſtants, who held, that " each " church, within itſelf, had ſufficient power to do every thing

Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all ſects, and had his own to chuſe: 40

" relative to church-government." They ſprung up amidſt the confuſions of Charles the Firſt's reign, about the year 1643. Walker calls them a compoſition of Jews, Chriſtians, and Turks. See his Hiſtory of Independency, p. 1, 27; for which he was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard's Hiſtory of England, vol. ii. p. 435, for an account of their riſe. Butler calls them,

" The maggots of corrupted texts."
Hud. p. 3. v. 10.

And our author, in his Religio Laici, ſays,

" The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
" And turns to maggots what was meant for food."

Becauſe that, in order to infuſe into people a notion that they had a right to chuſe their own paſtors, they corrupted this text: *Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you ſeven men of honeſt report, full of the Holy Ghoſt, whom ye* (inſtead of *we*) *may appoint over this buſineſs.* Acts vi. 3. Field is ſaid to have been the firſt printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1500l. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in ſeveral of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio of 1659-60, and his octavo of 1661. DERRICK.

Ver. 37. ——— *the quaking Hare*
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.]

The Quakers: ſo called from certain tremblings and convulſions, with which they appear to be ſeized at their religious meetings. They decline all military employments; reject the uſe of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons; and refuſe the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted, by Act of Parliament, in our juſticiary courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a perſon of any other perſuaſion upon the goſpel.
DERRICK.

Ver. 39. *Next her the buffoon Ape*] No particular ſect is meant by the buffoon ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, perſons ready to conform to any thing to ſerve their turn.
DERRICK.

Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled Baptiſt Boar, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,)

Ver. 43. *The briſtled Baptiſt Boar,*] The unexampled abſurdities of the principles and practices of the Anabaptiſts were too inviting and copious a ſubject for Swift not to ſeize, and enabled him to give ſome of the fineſt touches of ridicule in his Tale of a Tub.

" Having, from his manner of living, frequent occaſions to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midſt of the winter, but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than when he went in.

" He was the firſt that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a *ſoporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears:* it was a compound of *ſulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Progreſs ſalve.*

" He wore a large plaiſter of artificial *cauſtics* on his ſtomach, with the fervour of which he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous *board*, upon application of a red hot iron.

" He would ſtand in the turning of a ſtreet, and calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good ſlap in the chops:* to another, *Honeſt friend, pray favour me with a handſome kick on the arſe: Madam, ſhall I entreat a ſmall box on the ear from your ladyſhip's fair hand? Noble captain, lend a reaſonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of your's, over theſe poor ſhoulders.* And when he had, by ſuch earneſt ſolicitations, made a ſhift to procure a baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his fancy and his ſides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good. Obſerve this ſtroke,* (ſaid he, ſhewing his bare ſhoulders) *a plaguy janiſary gave it me this very morning at ſeven o'clock, as with much ado I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours of mine, this broken head deſerves a plaiſter; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have ſeen the Pope and the French King long before this time of day among your wives and your warehouſes. Dear Chriſtians, the Great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank theſe poor ſides, that he hath not* (God bleſs us) *already ſwallowed up man, woman, and child."* Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. *The briſtled Baptiſt Boar,* &c.] The Anabaptiſts, who reject infant baptiſm, and baptize only adults by immerſion.
Derrick.

With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place, 45
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage, which he made
In German foreſts, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name, 50
He ſhunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chas'd from Nice; then, by Socinus nurs'd, 55
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God deſcry:
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend, 60
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witneſs can prevail,
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?

Ver. 49. *In German foreſts, had his guilt betray'd.*] They ſucceeded to the riſe of Lutheraniſm in Germany about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munſter. DERRICK.

Ver. 53. *Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:*
The graceleſs beaſt &c.]
This alludes to the perſecution of the Arians, and the riſe of the Socinians. DERRICK.

But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide! 65
Thy throne is darkneſs in the abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take, 70
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandering fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own. 75
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie 80
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?

Ver. 64. ——— *how well doſt thou provide*
For erring judgments an unerring guide!]
Here our author allows of the infallibility of the Pope, and the authority of the Church, contrary to his poſition in Religio Laici, Vol. 1. p. 403.
"Such an omniſcient Church we wiſh, &c."
And then proceeds to thank God for his own converſion!
DERRICK.

Ver. 82. —— *Maker of the world could die?*] Of all the numerous artiſts who have exerciſed their talents on this ſubject,

And after that truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel, 85
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way; 90
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the Hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable, and penetrating parts? 95
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through the oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.

M. Angelo ſeems to have treated it in the moſt ſkilful and ſtriking manner. In a picture of the Paſſion, he has repreſented the Virgin looking at her crucified Son, without grief, without regret, without tears. He ſuppoſes her intereſted in this great myſtery, and therefore makes her bear this view of his death with a kind of ſublime tranquillity and unmovedneſs. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 85. *Can I my reaſon to my faith compel,*] Dryden here advances the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, which he reconciles to the Divine Omnipotence, and entirely diſclaims the uſe of reaſon in diſcuſſing it. Derrick.

Ver. 95. Impaſſable,] *Impaſſible.* Original edition. Todd.

Ver. 99. *And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.*]

——— purâ per noctem in luce refulſit
Alma parens, confeſſa Deam.

For ſince thus wonderouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain,
One ſingle place two bodies did contain. 101
And ſure the ſame Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity? 105
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded, that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait, 110
And what began belief, muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

His mind was ſo thoroughly imbued with Virgil, that he fell into perpetual and involuntary imitations of him.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 100. —— *thus wonderouſly he paſs'd,*] This is urged as an irreſiſtible defence of the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation. But how different the two caſes! Our Saviour, by his own power, could miraculouſly enter the room where his diſciples were aſſembled. But the prieſt himſelf makes this Saviour juſt before he ſwallows him. The diſciples ſaw with their own eyes the figure and body of Chriſt, but in the *wafer* ſurely Chriſt is *not* ſeen.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 101. *One ſingle place*] The doctrine of tranſubſtantiation is ſo ſingularly abſurd (perhaps blaſphemous) as hardly to deſerve a ſerious refutation. Mr. Pope told Mr. Richardſon, that Gay, going to Mr. Titcum, (who was the intimate friend of himſelf, Swift, Craggs, and Addiſon) to aſk him, when he was dying, as he was a papiſt, if he would have a prieſt, "No," ſaid he, "what ſhould I do with them? But I would rather have one of them than one of your's, of the two. Our fools (continued Titcum) write great books to prove that *bread* is *God;* but your booby (meaning Tillotſon) has wrote a long argument to prove that *bread* is *bread.*"

Dr. J. WARTON.

Were all thoſe wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign? 115
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely 120
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take the unuſeful ſcaffolding away. 125
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep? 130
In the ſame veſſel, which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food? 135
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain? 140

To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all? 145
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed:
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail, before the venture miſs.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee, 150
Thou firſt apoſtate to divinity.
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe the inſatiate Wolf remains.

Ver. 158. ——— *the inſatiate Wolf* &c.] Butler, in the firſt canto of Hudibras, ſays, that the Preſbyterians

" —— prove their doctrine orthodox,
" By apoſtolic blows and knocks."

The general deſcription given of them here is very ſevere: they hold the doctrine of predeſtination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to ſave a certain number of perſons, from thence called the Elect.

" A ſect (of whom Hudibras ſays a little lower) whoſe chief devotion lies
" In odd perverſe antipathies."

Such as reputing the eating of Chriſtmas-pies and plumb-porridge ſinful; nay, they prohibited all ſorts of merriment at that holy feſtival, and not only aboliſhed it by order of council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a faſt. They wore, during the confuſions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite cloſe; wherefore the *wolf*, the emblem of Preſbytery, is here ſaid to

" Prick up his predeſtinating ears." DERRICK.

Too boaſtful Britain, pleaſe thyſelf no more.
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore:
The Bear, the Boar, and every ſavage name, 156
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bower,
And, muzzled though they ſeem, the mutes devour, 159
More haughty than the reſt, the wolfiſh race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame; but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears. 165
His wild diſorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurpriſe.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile,
As captain or companion of the ſpoil,
Full many a year his hateful head had been 170
For tribute paid, nor ſince in Cambria ſeen;
The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France,

Ver. 172. *The laſt of all the litter*] Calvin, the perſon here pointed at, was, it muſt be allowed, a man of very extenſive genius, much learning, induſtry, penetration, and piety, and the moſt perſuaſive eloquence. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in July, 1509. To eſcape the threats of Francis the Firſt, he retired to Baſil, where he publiſhed his Chriſtian Inſtitutions, and prefixed to them his famous dedication to Francis I. Calvin was aſthmatical, and delivered his ſermons ſlowly: a man at Geneva got his livelihood by writing them down as he pro-

Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race; 175
Becauſe of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to Kings.

nounced them. "Sapit Calvinus (ſays Scaliger) quod in apocalypſim non ſcripſit." We might have expected that Dryden would have here cenſured the ſtrong Calviniſtical turn of ſome of the articles of the Church of England. Burnet has defended the article concerning predeſtination. The greateſt part of the firſt Engliſh reformers were, ſays Moſheim, abſolute Sublapſarians. James I. cenſured a preacher, Ed. Symſon, for advancing ſome Arminian tenets, 1616, and he was forced to make a public recantation before the king. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 176. *Becauſe of Wickliff's brood*] Wickliff flouriſhed about the year 1384. John Huſs, 1415. Jerom of Prague, 1415. This great triumvirate, we ſhould remember, ſowed the firſt ſeeds of that reformation, of which Luther and Calvin have alone reaped the glory, and of which our countryman had the honour of being the firſt. To whom juſtice is done by the learned and candid Moſheim, in his excellent Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, much improved by the tranſlation of the learned Mr. Maclain.

Among all the enemies of the Mendicant orders, none has been tranſmitted to poſterity with more exalted encomiums on the one hand, or blacker calumnies on the other, than John Wickliff, profeſſor of divinity at Oxford, and afterwards rector of Lutterworth; who, according to the teſtimony of the writers of theſe times, was a man of an enterpriſing genius, and extraordinary learning. In the year 1360, animated by the example of Richard, archbiſhop of Armagh, he firſt of all defended the ſtatutes and privileges of the univerſity of Oxford againſt all the orders of the mendicants, and had the courage to throw out ſome ſlight reproofs againſt the popes, their principal patrons, which no true Briton ever imputed to him as a crime. After this, in the year 1367, he was deprived of the wardenſhip of Canterbury-hall, in the univerſity of Oxford, by Simon Langham, archbiſhop of Canterbury, who ſubſtituted a monk in his place: upon which he appealed to pope Urban V. who confirmed the ſentence of the archbiſhop againſt him, on account of the freedom with which he had inveighed againſt the monaſtic orders. Highly exaſperated at this treatment, he threw off all reſtraint, and not only attacked all the monks, and their ſcandalous irregularities, but even the pontifical power itſelf, and other eccleſiaſtical abuſes, both in his ſermons and writings. From

Thefe laft deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his confort lin'd :

hence he proceeded to yet greater lengths, and, detefting the wretched fuperftition of the times, refuted, with great acutenefs and fpirit, the abfurd notions that were generally received in religious matters, and not only exhorted the laity to ftudy the fcriptures, but alfo tranflated into Englifh thefe divine books, in order to render the perufal of them more univerfal.

Though neither the doctrine of Wickliff was void of error, nor his life without reproach, yet it muft be confeffed, that the changes he attempted to introduce, both in the faith and difcipline of the church, were, in many refpects, wife, ufeful, and falutary.

The monks, whom Wickliff had principally exafperated, commenced a violent profecution againft him at the court of Gregory XI. who, in the year 1377, ordered Simon Sudbury, archbifhop of Canterbury, to take cognizance of the affair, in a council held at London. Imminent as this danger evidently was, Wickliff efcaped it by the intereft of the Duke of Lancafter, and fome other peers, who had a high regard for him. And foon after the death of Gregory XI. the fatal fchifm of the Romifh church commenced, during which there was one pope at Rome, and another at Avignon ; fo that, of courfe, this controverfy lay dormant a long time. But no fooner was this embroiled ftate of affairs tolerably fettled, than the procefs againft him was revived by William de Courtenay, archbifhop of Canterbury, in the year 1385, and was carried on with great vehemence in two councils held at London and Oxford. The event was, that of the twenty-three opinions, for which Wickliff had been profecuted by the Monks, ten were condemned as herefies, and thirteen as errors. He himfelf, however, returned in fafety to Lutterworth, where he died peaceably in the year 1387. This latter attack was much more dangerous than the former; but by what means he got fafely through it, whether by intereft of the court, or by denying or abjuring his opinions, is to this day a fecret. He left many followers in England, and other countries, who were ftyled Wickliffites and Lollards, which laft was a term of popular reproach, tranflated from the Flemifh tongue into Englifh. Wherever they could be found, they were terribly perfecuted by the inquifitors, and other inftruments of papal vengeance ; and, in the council of Conftance, in the year 1415, the memory and opinions of Wickliff were condemned by a folemn decree ; and about thirteen years after, his bones were dug up, and publicly burnt.

That fiery Zuinglius firſt the affection bred, 180
And meagre Calvin bleſt the nuptial bed.

Of all the reformers, Melanchthon appears to have been the moſt elegant ſcholar, and to have had the beſt taſte. His Latin tranſlation of Euripides was excellent. Father Paul valued Occam above all the ſchoolmen. Luther objected to preaching on the Apocalypſe. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 180. *That fiery Zuinglius*] His conduct and ſhare in the Reformation is thus impartially ſtated by Moſheim :—

"While the credit and authority of the Roman pontiff was thus upon the decline in Germany, they received a mortal wound in Switzerland from Ulric Zuingle, a canon of Zurich, whoſe extenſive learning and uncommon ſagacity were accompanied with the moſt heroic intrepidity and reſolution. It muſt even be acknowledged, that this eminent man had perceived ſome rays of the truth before Luther came to an open rupture with the church of Rome. He was however afterwards ſtill farther animated by the example, and inſtructed by the writings of the Saxon reformer; and thus his zeal for the good cauſe acquired new ſtrength and vigour. For he not only explained the ſacred writings in his public diſcourſes to the people, but alſo gave, in the year 1519, a ſignal proof of his courage, by oppoſing, with the greateſt reſolution and ſucceſs, the miniſtry of a certain Italian monk, whoſe name was Samſon, and who was carrying on, in Switzerland, the impious traffic of indulgences, with the ſame impudence that Tetzel had done in Germany. This was the firſt remarkable event that prepared the way for the reformation among the Helvetic cantons. In proceſs of time, Zuingle purſued, with ſteadineſs and reſolution, the deſign that he had begun with ſuch courage and ſucceſs. His noble efforts were ſeconded by ſome other learned men, educated in Germany, who became his colleagues, and the companions of his labours, and who, jointly with him, ſucceeded ſo far in removing the credulity of a deluded people, that the pope's ſupremacy was rejected and denied in the greateſt part of Switzerland. It is indeed to be obſerved, that Zuingle did not always uſe the ſame methods of converſion that were employed by Luther; nor, upon particular occaſions, did he diſcountenance the uſe of violent meaſures againſt ſuch as adhered with obſtinacy to the ſuperſtitions of their anceſtors. He is alſo ſaid to have attributed to the civil magiſtrate ſuch an extenſive power in eccleſiaſtical affairs, as is quite inconſiſtent with the eſſence and genius of religion. But, upon the whole, even envy muſt acknowledge, that his intentions were upright, and his deſigns worthy of the higheſt approbation." Dr. J. Warton.

In Iſrael ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince,
Or, ſince he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conſpire 185
From Moſes' hand the ſovereign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to deveſt:
'Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And could not bear the burden of a claſs.
The Fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark, 190
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild curs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man, 195
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in Church and State have you redreſs'd!
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws: 200
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampled down,
Your fangs you faſten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.

Ver. 183. *When the proud Sanhedrim* &c.] On this line, in the original edition, the following marginal note occurs:—"*Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hiſt. of Preſb.*" TODD.

Ver. 187. ——— *of his ephod to* deveſt:] Thus the orig. edit. and rightly. TODD.

What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall; 205
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monſters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And, like the firſt, the laſt affects to be 210
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſour herbage riſes on the green;
So, ſpringing where thoſe midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the dance. 215
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blaſphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the ſkies, is plac'd,
And kings, like ſlaves, beneath the crowd debas'd, 220

Ver. 216. *Such are their doctrines,*] He does not mention John Huſs and Jerom of Prague, two chief promoters of the Reformation. L'Enfant, in his Hiſtory of the War of the Huſſites, ſays, that two Engliſh ſtudents becoming acquainted with John Huſs at Prague, having painted, in the porch of their houſe, a repreſentation of our Saviour entering into Jeruſalem upon an aſs, with crowds following him on foot, and on the other ſide the pope riding a horſe magnificently capariſoned, and attended with guards, drums, and hautboys, Huſs was ſo delighted with this picture, that he mentioned and commended it in his ſermons, and the whole city crowded to ſee it. This was the beginning of John Huſs's attachment to the opinions of Wickliff. Dr. J. Warton.

So fulſome is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for phyſic uſe.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No huſbandry can heal the blaſting wound;
Nor bladed graſs, nor bearded corn ſucceeds, 225
But ſcales of ſcurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth.
But, as the poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy coaſts confin'd; 230
As only Indian ſhades of ſight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Preſbytery and peſtilential zeal
Can only flouriſh in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfiſh crew;
But ah! ſome pity e'en to brutes is due: 236
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind. 240
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike;
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.

Ver. 235. *From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfiſh crew;*] This paſſage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the Reformed Church were proſcribed, and two hundred thouſand drove into foreign countries: a proceeding that muſt throw an eternal blemiſh on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honour to Dryden, as it manifeſts, that whatever faults he had, a perſecuting ſpirit was not one of them. DERRICK.

In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannic ſway, 245
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a ſofter mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity. 250

One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of heaven:
The ſmith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv'd at laſt to human race, 255
The Godhead took a deep conſidering ſpace;
And, to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt;
And mercy mixt with reaſon did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart: 260
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, iſſuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd: 265
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet to o'ertake them in their flight:

Of eaſy ſhape, and pliant every way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay, 270
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began: 275
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of empire ſour'd his balmy blood.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its firſt and loudeſt cry, 280
For differing worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind 286
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the Britiſh Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain, 291
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!

Ver. 290. ——— *protection* from *their foes.*] The original edition has, protection *for* their foes. TODD.

The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow, 295
May guard their fences from the invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabled, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold, 301
They dare not ſeize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore, 305
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
Theſe are the chief: to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like Adam, naming every beaſt,
Were weary work: nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten tribe; 311
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found.
Theſe groſs, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive. 315

But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire:
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay:
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are they,
As would but ſerve pure bodies for allay: 320
Such ſouls as ſhards produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance. 324
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.
The Panther, ſure the nobleſt, next the Hind,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of prey! 330
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me ſpeak; 335
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to ſhare her wandering heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who ſins but in her will. 340
If, as our dreaming Platoniſts report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high, 345
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the ſky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run,
Since the new honors of her blood begun. 350
A lion, old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a ſpecious name:
So Schiſm begot; and Sacrilege and ſhe, 355
A well match'd pair, got graceleſs Hereſy.
God's and kings' rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and human laws:

Ver. 339. *Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,*
She half commits, who ſins but in her will.]
So the energetic moraliſt Juvenal.

Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitet ullum
Facti crimen habet ——— Sat. 13, 209.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 354. *Covering adultery with a ſpecious name:*] Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam. Virgil. Æneid. 4.

JOHN WARTON.

Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike deſtructive both to Church and State: 360
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide, 365
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd!
Where marriage-pleaſures midnight prayer ſupply
And mattin bells, (a melancholy cry,)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increaſe and multiply.
Religion ſhews a roſy-colour'd face; 370
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapeſt rate. 375
Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Muſſulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of ſenſe allur'd his eaſtern proſelytes.

The jolly Luther, reading him, began 380
To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradiſe more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneaſy travelling alone; 385

Ver. 380. *The jolly Luther,*] This is a very undeſerved and depreciating epithet applied to this great reformer. In the judicious reflections which my learned and ingenious friend Dr. Sturges has made, on what Mr. Milner calls a hiſtory of Wincheſter, but which ought to have been entitled, an Apology for Popery, with hints and hopes of its re-eſtabliſhment in this country, there is a character of Luther drawn with ſuch truth, and ſo maſterly a pencil, that I ſhall here give the reader the pleaſure of conſidering it, as an antidote to the ſevere ſarcaſms ſcattered up and down in this poem by Dryden againſt this extraordinary man.

"It required a degree of perſeverance and intrepidity not leſs than that of which Luther was poſſeſſed, to make him engage in the arduous conteſt, to ſupport him throughout its continuance, and finally to give him ſuch ſucceſs in it, as to carry off from the allegiance of Rome, either under his own immediate ſtandard, or that of the allies connected with him by a common cauſe, ſo large a proportion of her ſubjects. For to him muſt be in great meaſure attributed all the branches of the reformation, which ſpread over the different parts of Europe, after he had planted it in Germany. A wonderful achievement this, for a private German monk; and an inſtance amongſt many others, with what inconſiderable and apparently inadequate inſtruments the moſt important purpoſes of Providence are accompliſhed. Luther was in his manners and writings, coarſe, preſuming, and impetuous; but theſe were qualities allied to thoſe, which alone made him capable of ſupporting well the extraordinary character in which he appeared. I have always been ſtruck with his tranſlating the whole bible into German, which is a claſſical book in that language, and has, I believe, as a tranſlation, maintained high credit down to later times, as a ſingular proof of learning and ability. Whoever well conſiders the difficulty of *one man's* executing ſuch a work at a period when the knowledge of the original language was rare, and the aſſiſtances of ſacred criticiſm and literature (which have been ſince ſo much multiplied) were inconſiderable and ſcanty, will probably be inclined to agree with me in this opinion."

Dr. J. Warton.

And, in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
The etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd, and battening on their food, to ſhow
Their diligence of careful herds below. 391
Our Panther, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet, as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The croſier weilded, and the mitre wore. 395
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shewed affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church and churches head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt, 400
Was Calvin's brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home. 405
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad:

Ver. 391. Their *diligence* &c.] *The* diligence, &c. original edition. TODD.

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe reform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join;
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow, 415
Becauſe the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign,
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join.
But the inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd, 420
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive:
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood. 425
Then, by the ſame acknowledgment, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.

Ver. 409. *And leaſt deform'd, becauſe* reform'd *the leaſt.*] Original edition. Derrick has, becauſe *deform'd* the leaſt.

TODD.

Ver. 411. ——— *one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,*] Luther aſſerted the real preſence under the different ſubſtances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the ſacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and repreſentation of the body and blood of Chriſt.

DERRICK.

The literal ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toſt; 430
But ſure no Church can better morals boaſt:
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
Aud ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy, 436
That intereſt or obligement made the tye,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.
Before the ſounding ax ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine. 440

Ver. 429. *But nonſenſe*] The unparalleled abſurdity and impiety of ſome queſtions propoſed to be diſcuſſed in the ſchools, makes one ſhudder to read them, and improper to tranſlate.—They are to be found in the third volume of Henry Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, p. 127. Utrum Deus potuerit ſuppoſitare mulierem, vel Diabolum, vel aſinum, vel filicem, vel cucurbitam: et ſi ſuppoſitaſſet cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, et quonam modo fuiſſet fixa cruci. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 430. *Her wild belief on every wave is toſt;*] St. Paul, Eph. iv. 14. St. James, 1. 6.—"He that wavereth is like a *wave* of the ſea driven with the wind and *toſſed.*"
John Warton.

Ver. 436. *Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,*] No King! no Biſhop! was a common ſaying in King Charles the 1ſt's time, and ſufficiently verified during the inter-regnum. This whole paſſage is a real compliment to the church, as by law eſtabliſhed; and ſhews that Dryden could ſpeak impartially even of a cauſe that he had deſerted; which cauſe he handſomely compares to

She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortune's favours are undone; 445
Reſolv'd, into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or * Iſgrim's counſel, her new-choſen mate;
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew, 450
No mother more indulgent, but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey,
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway? 455
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe, who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;

ver. 442. ——— *an Indian wife:*] Whoſe conſtancy is become a proverb: ſince when their deceaſed huſbands are either to be buried or burned, to manifeſt their affection, they throw themſelves either into the ſame grave, or on the funeral pile. DERRICK.

Ibid. *In death undaunted as an Indian wife:*] This barbarous cuſtom has perhaps never been ſo well deſcribed as in the following lines of Propertius, 10th Elegy, 15 v. 3 lib.

Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis, &c. &c.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 447. *And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.*] An alluſion to an Æſopic fable, to which he alludes again with more force and elegance in his character of the Good Perſon, where ſee the note. JOHN WARTON.

* The wolf. Orig. edit.

If ſhe reform by text, e'en that's as plain 460
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind: 465
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in power ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train: 470
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain,
And by that Scripture, which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation, ſtands herſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd, 476
If doubts ariſe, ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet the offender free,
It bars her claim to Church authority. 480
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be conſtrued to defend?
E'en thoſe, whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil power, her doctrine firſt acquits;

Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue, 485
Where no ſubmiſſion to a judge is due;
Each judging for himſelf, by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing human laws. 490
How anſwering to its end a Church is made,
Whoſe power is but to counſel and perſuade?
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe, not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt the infernal gate, 495
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful power ſhe might controul,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole. 500
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrowed from a better ſtar;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow, 505
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power. 510

One evening, while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort. 516
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe, whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.
More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore. 520
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt, 526
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durſt approach; 'till with an awful roar 530
The ſovereign Lion bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd; 535

Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe, 540
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd, 545
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhewed reſpect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt, 551
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.

For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their foreſt lair, 555
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:

That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd: 561
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd, 565
She thought this hour the occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt. 570
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

Ver. 562. *Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot*
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.]
The Popiſh plot; the contrivers of which were Preſbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans, who had before ſhewn themſelves enemies to the Proteſtant, as well as the Popiſh Church. This explanation is farther confirmed in our notes on Abſalom and Achitophel, and thoſe on the Medal. DERRICK.

THE

SECOND PART.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground 575
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
The incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion 'ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there; 580
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For, whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing Church, the ſurer ſide 585
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'ſcape ſo well.

As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind, 590
Theſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too.
(Forgive the ſlanderous tongues that call'd you ſo.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry 595
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
(As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,)
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long 601
The Teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue:
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall, 605
Your ſalvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?

Ver. 602. *The Teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.*] The Teſt-act paſſed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real preſence in the ſacrament. DERRICK.

Ver. 609. *Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?*] "And never continueth in one ſtay." Burial Service.

JOHN WARTON.

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell, 610
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe. 615
Then, ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;

Ver. 617. *Not only Jeſuits*] It is worth remarking that many years before the French Revolution, the greateſt blow the Church of Rome ever received, was by the expulſion of the large, and opulent, and able body of the Jeſuits; effected on the very ſame day in conjunction by the crowns of Spain, Portugal, and France, and authorized by the Pope himſelf. It is marvellous that this ſociety could continue ſo long, after it had been ſo irreſiſtibly expoſed and ſatirized by the wit, the eloquence, and the piety of Paſcal. This perhaps is the moſt capital piece of controverſy that ever was written. The Jeſuits, when they were expelled, had long loſt their character for literature. For near fifty years before this event, they had produced no extraordinary work, and had turned all their thoughts and abilities to mean court intrigues, and to various branches of commerce. It is well if they do not turn this very diſpoſition to ſome unforeſeen advantage, and diſſeminate principles, and form ſects, injurious to the peace of ſociety, and the liberty and proſperity of Europe. I beg leave to add, that among this learned body, I have always looked up to one with particular regard and reſpect, I mean, the great father Petau, of whom it is painful to add that he died in the Jeſuit's College at Paris, abandoned and in want, for having ſaid, that before the council of Nice, the Church had not made any deciſion about the divinity of the *Word*. When Petau's phyſician told him on his death-bed he could not live two hours longer, Then, ſaid the father, I beg you to accept of this book, giving him his Rationarium temporum, for the meſſenger of good news ſhould always be rewarded.

The Abbé Boileau uſed to ſay of the Jeſuits, Theſe gentlemen lengthen the creed, and ſhorten the decalogue. And in ſome

For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat; 620
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your Church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife. 625
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and intereſt will prevail with ſome;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom. 631
The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The canon, dame, is levell'd full at you. 635

MS. letters of Cardinal Fleury, he ſays, "The Jeſuits are excellent valets, but ſad maſters." "If the Jeſuits," ſaid Monteſquieu, "had lived before Luther and Calvin, they would have been maſters of the world."

There was a college of Ex-jeſuits ſtill left at Rome, 1793, who were often conſulted by Pope Pius the VIth, and the cardinals, particularly father Zaccharіah, who was intimate with the jacobin Mamuchi. Charles III. King of Spain, never forgave the Jeſuits for ſpreading the report that he was the ſon of Cardinal Alberoni, and not of Philip the Vth. Theſe Jeſuits at Rome attributed the French revolution to their expulſion: ſaying, they were the only order that kept alive and propagated the principles of the Chriſtian religion.

Dr. J. Warton.

But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain would ſee
That wonderous wight Infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come?
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean Rome?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppoſe, (though I diſown it) ſaid the Hind,
The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd;
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe philoſophers may diſagree,
If ſight by emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in univerſals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and General Councils muſt reſide;

Ver. 652. ——— *this unfailing guide*] When a Cardinal came to pay his uſual compliments of congratulation on the day of the anniverſary, and to wiſh Pope Benedict the XIVth many years to enjoy his high dignity, his holineſs ſaid to him, "You are juſt returned from ſaying maſs, and dare you utter ſuch a falſhood, as to wiſh I may not ſoon make a vacancy in the papal chair!" knowing how earneſtly the death of a Pope is always wiſhed for and expected. Dr. J. Warton.

Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies: 655
On this undoubted ſenſe the Church relies.
'Tis true, ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The Church's after-acceptation join. 660
This laſt circumference appears too wide;
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As members by their repreſentatives
Oblig'd to laws, which Prince and Senate gives.
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace: 665
In Pope and Council, who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe canons all the needful points contain;
Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtful text 670
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any ſhould in after-times appear,
New Councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Becauſe in them the power ſupreme reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the guides. 675

This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who, ſetting Councils, Pope and Church aſide,
Are every man his own preſuming guide.
The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain: 681
All, who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your ſeveral Churches diſagree,
Yet every ſaint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of this philoſophic ſtone. 685
Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
When differing doctors and diſciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horſes, ſeveral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Chriſtian world; 691
Each Jehu laſhing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe;
No matter what diſſenſion leaders make,
Where every private man may ſave a ſtake: 695
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradiſe;
Where, driving in a circle, ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.

Ver. 699. *Oppoſing ſects*] A great phyſician told Sir W. Temple, that in the fanatic times he found moſt of his patients ſo diſturbed by troubles of conſcience, and religious ſcruples

A wonderous charity you have in ſtore 700
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race, 705
Though reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, ſaid the Panther, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I: 710
Though Huguenots contemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;

and fears, that he was forced to play the divine with them before he could begin the phyſician. Old Mr. Richardſon informs us that a cavalier phyſician made his puritan patient, who conſulted him in a ſtubborn bloody flux, drink up the common prayer-book, boiled to a pulp, which he had found torn to pieces and ſcattered about the hall as he came in; ſwearing he would not preſcribe for him till he had done ſo; when indeed he would otherwiſe have preſcribed him boiled paper.

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 702. *So much, that Mahomet*] It is worth remarking, becauſe it is a fact, not very well known and allowed, that Mahomet the IId, when he had taken Conſtantinople, addreſſed the patriarch in the mildeſt and moſt benevolent terms, and inſtalled him in his office with much ceremony. See page 229, Codini Antiquitat. Conſtant.; an extraordinary example of toleration. Bayle has taken great pains to prove that we ought not to aſcribe the wide and rapid progreſs of Mahometiſm, to its being a religion flattering the paſſions and corruptions, and agreeable, as is vulgarly ſaid, to fleſh and blood, for that in reality its moral precepts are very ſtrict, rational, uſeful, and ſevere, and that it is burthened with many ſevere and troubleſome prohibitions and ceremonies, ſuch as drinking no wine, very frequent bathings, and repetitions of prayers, abſtinence, and faſtings, circumciſion, and long and fatiguing pilgrimages.

Dr. J. Warton.

And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain, 715
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend;

Ver. 713. *And Luther,*] When Atterbury was a young man at Chriſt Church, he publiſhed in the year 1687, an excellent pamphlet in defence of Luther, entitled, "An Anſwer to ſome Conſiderations on the Spirit of Martin Luther, and the original of the Reformation." It is written with ſpirit and ſtrength of argument, and deſerves to be more attended to than I think it has been. He has particularly defended Luther for his marriage with Catherine Bora, and for his condemning the abſurd vows of celibacy, which occaſioned ſome of the moſt enormous impurities and lewdneſs among unmarried prieſts; referring for proofs to Damianus's letter to Pope Nicholas the Second, in the eleventh century, and particularly to two remarkable paſſages, one in Eraſmus, and the other in Coſter; the former of whom ſays, in his Annotations on Timothy, "Quam innumeri ſunt monachi publicè inceſti et impudici:" and the latter, "Sacerdos ſi fornicetur, aut domi concubinam habeat, tametſi gravi ſacrilegio ſe obſtringat, gravius tamen peccat, ſi matrimonium contrahat. Coſter. Ench. cap. 15. To this I add, that Zuinglius, writing to the Swiſs cantons, reminds them of an edict iſſued by their anceſtors, which enjoined every prieſt to keep a concubine, to prevent their attacking their neighbours' wives. See Father Paul, Book 1.

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 714. *Misjoins the ſacred*] Tranſubſtantiation is a doctrine ſo marvelloufly abſurd, that it deſerves not to be treated in a ſerious, but only in a ludicrous way. When Anne Aſkew was put to the torture in the Tower, for being a Proteſtant, during the tyranny of Henry VIII, ſhe exclaimed, I have taken pains to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but cannot be eaſily perſuaded, that *man was quits, and made God again.* Chriſtianity will never make any progreſs in the Eaſt Indies, wherever any miſſionary preaches this doctrine. A gentleman who had reſided at Benares told me, that a ſenſible Bramin ſaid one day to him, "You ſee I abſtain from all animal food, but you, dreadful and blaſphemous idea! ſay you eat your own God.

Dr. J. Warton.

(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray, 720
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead diſavow?
And did not theſe by goſpel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own? 725
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene Council then decide
That ſtrong debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield; 730
Squadrons of texts he marſhall'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo? 735
The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

Ver. 730. ——— *to* that *the rebel* &c.] To *thoſe* the rebel &c. Orig. edit. Topp.

The Panther ſmil'd at this; And when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
Friend, ſaid the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, ſaid the Panther, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet them by the rule, and, as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
HIND. The Council ſteer'd, it ſeems, a different courſe;
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Purſu'd by ſects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus ſaid the dame, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.

But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound: 765
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim, 770
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end, 775
Thus, when you ſaid, Tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the Scripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our Church-tradition you declare, 780
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.
If not by Scriptures, how can we be ſure,
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old: 786
All, as they ſay, that glitters, is not gold.
How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where every age does on another move, 790
And truſts no farther than the next above;

Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rife,
The loweft hid in earth, the topmoft in the
fkies.
Sternly the favage did her anfwer mark, 794
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And faid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times fuch dreadful gaps have
made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your fons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
HIND. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd
for fweet; 800
But from the Wolf fuch wifhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Blatant
Beaft,
Or rather did not fpeak, but were poffefs'd.
As for your anfwer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muft evince tradition to be forg'd; 805
Produce plain proofs; unblemifh'd authors ufe,
As ancient as thofe ages they accufe;

Ver. 802. *You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beaft,*] Spenfer, in his excellent poem, called "The Fairy Queen," fhadows the moral virtues under the fictitious names of gallant heroes; and fome of the worft vices, (in regard they are moft oppofite to rational nature) under the counterfeit names of certain monftrous brutes; particularly he repreefents that pernicious vice of calumny or flander, by a deformed creature, which he calls *The Blatant Beaft;* whofe property it was to defame all ftates and forts of mankind, not fparing even princes, nor leaving the cleareft honour untainted, that came within the fteam of its contagious breath. DERRICK.

'Till when, 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, 'till elder quits the claim.
Then for our intereſt, which is nam'd alone 810
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As, when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can; 815
So, when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys, traditions, quite aſide;
And Fathers too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament. 821
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind, 824
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus, with full ſails, they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand, 831
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond hand.

But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending Church-authority to fix, 835
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are, like a mule, made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd. 840
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd ſenate's mood: 845
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on Church-authority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good. 850
Shall ſhe command, who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is Antichriſt by Antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we 855
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.

Ver. 840, ——— *home-diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.*] When Dryden wrote this, the penal ſtatutes againſt diſſenters were not repealed. DERRICK.

For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need. 861
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy 864
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under Church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and diſband.

Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide, 871
If ſtill his Church muſt want a living guide?
And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain 875
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.

Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:

Ver. 868. ——— *forſake their* colours, &c.] Orig. edit. Derrick reads, forſake their *color*. TODD.

From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt; 881
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw 886
The event would be like that of Moſes' law;
Some difference would ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure, 890
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure;
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard. 895
But ſince the apoſtles could not be confin'd
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow,
To ſpread their faith, they ſpread their labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare;
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care. 901

And, as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot, 905
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all; 910
Nor firſt intended but occaſional,
Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought;
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one ſaint has ſaid of holy Paul, 916
"He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide? 920
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the apoſtles' writ,
By which my ſons are taught, to which ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths, their ſacred works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain; 926
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the primitive at laſt.

Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the Church-interpreter. 930
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what the apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
The undoubted ſenſe which is in Scripture ſought. 935
From hence the Church is arm'd, when errors riſe
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And, ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtering ſores her Councils heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal; 940
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a Council national decide,
But with ſubordination to her guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the Scripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate, 946
Bequeath'd by ſome legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their intereſt to maintain, 951
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.

Shall then the Teſtament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, ſubject of debate; 955
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide. 960
Suppoſe, the fair apoſtate ſaid, I grant,
The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chace purſue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew. 965
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;

Ver. 957. *The ſenſe is intricate,*] In denying the uſe of the Bible to the bulk of the people, the followers of the Church of Rome exactly copy the conduct of the Brahmins in India. As their order had an excluſive right to read the ſacred books, (ſays Robertſon) to cultivate and to teach ſcience, they could more effectually prevent all who were not members of it from acquiring any portion of information beyond what they were pleaſed to impart. When the free circulation of knowledge is not circumſcribed by ſuch reſtrictions, the whole community derives benefit from every new acquiſition in ſcience, the influence of which, both upon ſentiment and conduct, extends inſenſibly from the few to the many, from the learned to the ignorant. But wherever the dominion of falſe religion is completely eſtabliſhed, the body of the people gain nothing by the improvements in knowledge. Dr. J. Warton.

And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—" She whom ye ſeek am I." 970
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit: 976
Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy: 980
Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-general of the land:
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some Preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſovereignty 985
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To Church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion modify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed: 990
But when Curtana will not do the deed,

Ver. 981. *Submiſſion* modify'd,] So the original edition. Derrick has *mollify'd*. TODD.

Ver. 991. ——— *Curtana*] The name of King Edward the Confeſſor's ſword without a point, an emblem of mercy, which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation. DERRICK.

You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take,
(Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are, 997
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which every ſect will for themſelves expound;
Nor think leſs reverence to their doctors due
For ſound interpretation, than to you. 1001
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey.
But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound, 1006
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one; 1010
And therefore muſt be all the Church, or none.
Then, 'till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a different ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains; 1015
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I paſs the reſt, becauſe your Church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide, 1020
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral Churches diſagree. 1025
The conſubſtantiating Church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you re-
ſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt
ordain. 1030
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any Church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide; 1037
None would obey, but each would be the
guide:
And face to face diſſentions would increaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd: 1041
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd:

What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible. 1045
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then, granting that unerring guide we want, 1051
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that Church can only be 1055
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown; 1060
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretences down.

Ver. 1056. ——— *unfailing certainty;*] Our author's humanity would not ſuffer him, in his general defence of popery, to juſtify the abominable inſtitution of the Inquiſition. In the cathedral church of Saragoſſa, there is a tomb of a famous inquiſitor. Six very magnificent columns ſtand on his tomb, and to each of theſe columns is a Moor chained, ready to be burned. A fit model for the mauſoleum of any hangman that died rich. How much are the fine tragedies of Polieucte and Athaliah blemiſhed by ſtrokes of the moſt intemperate zeal, and abſurd ſuperſtition, and abhorrence of heretics. "Does the daughter of David," ſays Joab to Joſabet, "ſpeak to this prieſt of Baal? Are you not afraid leſt the earth ſhould inſtantly open, and pour out flames to devour you both? Or that theſe holy walls ſhould ſuddenly fall, and cruſh you together?" Dr. J. Warton.

For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight;
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt, 1065
With which our Saviour did his Church inveſt;
But ſtrive to evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother-Church aſſerts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old the almighty Father ſate 1071
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,

Ver. 1071. *So when of old*] The following next ſixteen lines are perhaps the moſt ſplendid and ſublime our author ever wrote. But the idea of them is manifeſtly taken from Milton, Book iii. where God is repreſented ſitting on his throne, ſurrounded by all the ſanctities of heaven, and ſpeaking thus of the fate of Adam juſt after his fall:—

Die he, or Juſtice muſt, unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly Powers; where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſome ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd:
Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;

Millions of millions, at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound: 1075
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down, 1080
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.

And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man;———

Butler, in his Analogy, a book which every rational Chriſtian ſhould read and meditate upon day and night, has, with the deepeſt penetration and acuteneſs, exhauſted all the arguments that can be urged for the doctrine of redemption, of mediatorſhip, and vicarious puniſhment. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1078. *But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,*
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, &c. &c.]

This is an imitation, but a very feeble one, of Milton's impreſſive deſcription, Par. Loſt, iii. 216.

Dwells in all heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd, but all the heavenly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd, &c. Todd.

Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent, 1085
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.

Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe. 1091
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free, 1096
With that to aſſert ſpiritual royalty.

* One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you: 1100
One is the Church, and muſt be to be true:
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.

* Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed. Original edition.

Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, the inſulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age: 1106
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand, 1110
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face, 1116
Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread, 1120
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The goſpel's ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll, 1125

Ver. 1115. ——— *boils and* blotches,] The original edition has *botches*. TODD.

The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common ſhoars we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe 1131
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
Thieves, pandars, paillards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export; 1136
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we; 1140
For they on gain, their only god, rely;
And ſet a public price on piety.

Ver. 1130. ——— *like common* ſhoars &c.] Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 1138. *For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,*
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.]

The ſame train of thought appears in Cowper's pathetic Apoſtrophe to Omai, Taſk, book i. p. 36.

Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Diſintereſted good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And muſt be brib'd to compaſs earth again,
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.

JOHN WARTON.

Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame, 1145
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked ſhame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
The ambitious title of Apoſtolic: 1151
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er; 1156
Old hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old foundations has remov'd,

Ver. 1159. *'Tis ſaid with eaſe,*] Dryden never ſeems to have read the incomparable and unanſwerable Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, which of itſelf, if no other treatiſe remained, would alone be a complete refutation of the abſurdities and errors of popery. Inſtead of anſwering the treatiſe which the court of Rome was ſuppoſed to write againſt the republic of Venice, entitled, Squittinio della Liberta Veneta, Father Paul thought it more effectual to imitate the conduct of the Romans, who to drive the Carthaginians out of Italy, carried the war into Africa itſelf, and then attacked their enemies, and therefore he wrote the hiſtory of the Council of Trent, and attacked the court of Rome itſelf in its head-quarters. Father Paul valued Occam above all the ſchoolmen. Father Paul was acquainted with the

And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands: 1161
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old. 1166

doctrine of the circulation of the blood, but borrowed the idea from Servetus. Wootton affirms, that Servetus firſt diſcovered it. Pallavicini has enumerated 360 miſtakes in father Paul's hiſtory of the Council of Trent; but what are theſe miſtakes? only trivial, unimportant errors of dates and names.

Cardinal Perron ſays, "I viſited Fra. Paolo at Venice. He appeared to be a ſenſible man—nothing more:" a judgment worthy of a Cardinal.

Sir Henry Wotton aſſured King Charles, that Father Paul, though naturally of a reſerved temper, which was heightened by the ſuſpicions of his countrymen, yet opened his inmoſt ſoul, and diſcloſed his ſecret opinions to Biſhop Bedell, with whom he contracted the ſtricteſt intimacy. Sir Nathaniel Brent was privately ſent to Venice to get a copy of his hiſtory of the Council of Trent, which he ſecretly, and with great perſonal danger, communicated, twelve ſheets at a time, to archbiſhop Abbot, who employed him in this tranſaction.

Giannone, in his admirable hiſtory of the Civil Government of Naples, in forty books, has clearly proved, that the boaſted donation of all Italy, ſuppoſed to have been made by Conſtantine in the year 324, to Sylveſter, Pope of Rome, is a groſs and ſhameful forgery. No wonder this able, curious, and candid hiſtorian was afterwards ſeized by the inquiſition, and died in priſon.

Clement VII. gave to his nephew Cardinal Hippolite, in 1537, the poſſeſſion of all the benefices on the whole earth, that ſhould become vacant in ſix months. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1161. *And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:*
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.]

A ſcriptural alluſion. John Warton.

How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'Twas not us'd before. 1170
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd,
Till ſchiſm or hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain, 1176
Or which of old diſturb'd the Church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the eclipſe endur'd, 1180
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike,
Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic; 1185
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate, 1190
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.

Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſy.
If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail: 1195
A Church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſhood, for ſo long a ſpace, 1200
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
Drown'd in the abyſs of deep idolatry: 1205
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done. 1210
See how his Church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.

Ver. 1202. *That* ſeven *ſucceſſive ages*] *Nine* ſucceſſive ages, orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 1208. *God* hath *left* &c.] *Has* left. Orig. edit. TODD.

Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep, 1215
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-loved Benjamin.
That pious Joſeph in the Church behold*,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you ſold. 1220
Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the ſkies a chearful azure light:
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty ſpright. 1225
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky,
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light † 1230
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night:

Ver. 1214. *Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,*] The very expreſſion uſed in the pathetic and ſimple ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren. JOHN WARTON.

* The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey Lands. Orig. edit.

† *Poëta loquitur.* Orig. edit.

The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore;
News, which three labouring nations did re-
ſtore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd be-
fore.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely
cell, 1235
And vapours roſe, and dews unwholſom fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.
The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the
taſte 1245
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt: 1250
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's
wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,

Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide, 1255
And then the dew drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, travelling ſo late, 1260
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal 1265
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word:
Who, entering firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed
With hoary moſs, and winding ivy ſpread, 1270
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year, 1275
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures;
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God; 1280

A God, victorious of the Stygian race,
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain. 1285
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, though ill habits are not ſoon controul'd,
Awhile ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws, 1290
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

Ver. 1285. *And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.*]

Aude, hoſpes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo ———

In the whole paſſage he has an eye to the reception of Æneas by Evander. JOHN WARTON.

THE

THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit, 1295
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view 1300
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep. 1305
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite, 1310
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.

Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
'Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, though untam'd, 1314
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her Prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent Senate met;
Mean while ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood. 1321
Their commons, though but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whoſe noble nature ſtrove,
To expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love, 1325
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme;
Remembring every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate, 1330
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care, 1335
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength to endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd; 1339
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd; 1345
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone: 1350
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due. 1354

Ver. 1346. *While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;*
But that once o'er the ſhort-liv'd union ends:]
"Metus et terror imprime vincula caritatis, quæ ubi removeris timere incipias." Salluſt, I believe.
JOHN WARTON.

I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſons, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's day. 1361

This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight: 1365
Ambition, intereſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe 1370
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound: 1375
But ſtrove with anodynes to aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;

Ver. 1373. *Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:*] "And harſh unkindneſs' alter'd eye." Gray. JOHN WARTON.

A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold; 1380
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If other's good were injury to you:
Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty. 1385
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honor of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail; 1391
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field: 1395
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity, for alms, may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer. 1400
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard,

Ver. 1400. For *alms are but* &c.] *And* alms &c. Orig. ed. Todd.

If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends. 1405
Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury. 1409
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent: 1414
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw, 1419
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.
This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more, 1425
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.

Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court. 1430
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood; 1435
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead, 1440
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd. 1445
Were you not dim and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line: 1450
They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.

Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face, 1455
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome Popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed; 1460
At leaſt their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings: 1464
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new French proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar: 1470
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.

Ver. 1467. ——— *your new French proſelytes* &c.] The refugees that came over to England after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. DERRICK.

Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide. 1475
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain. 1480
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.
Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd, 1485
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have followed you for miracles of bread; 1490
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright; 1495
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd, 1500
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt;
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain. 1505
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the Reformation round,
No Treatiſe of Humility is found.
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant, 1510
The Sermon on the Mount was Proteſtant.
No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed, 1515
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did, 1519
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.

Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd three ſteeples higher, would change their note, 1525
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.
Mean time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay ſmall attendance at the Lion's court, 1530
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
(For ſilently they beg, who daily wait.)
Preferment is beſtow'd, that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd; 1535
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and King they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur, had they leſs.
But, if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door. 1540
Unpity'd Hudibraſs, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.

This lafting verfe fhall on his tomb be read,
" He fham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheift names you load your foes; 1545
Your liberal Clergy why did I expofe?
It never fails in charities like thofe.
In climes where true religion is profefs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeft.
But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name, 1550
Is here fufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is lefs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer furvives.
This faid, fhe paus'd a little, and fuppref's'd
The boiling indignation of her breaft. 1556
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her fatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe fhe faw before her eye,
And back fhe drew the fhining weapon dry. 1560
So when the generous Lion has in fight
His equal match, he roufes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proftrate on the plain,
He fheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,

Ver. 1559. *Her panting* foe *fhe faw before her* eye,] The original edition has

Her panting *foes* fhe faw before her *lye*.

TODD.

And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day, 1565
Walks over and diſdains the inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
To implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took; and then 1571
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe agen.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here 1575
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewel to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honour ty'd! 1580
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt, and doſt, ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years: 1586
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:

Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home, 1590
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.

Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs. 1595
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too:
That, ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd; 1601
A King and Princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he, who counſell'd him, has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend, 1606
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend.
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges every tire around, 1611
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs: 1615
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light. 1621
Now laſt your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A Treatiſe of Humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought,
Than thus in Proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known, 1626
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame. 1630
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore, or practiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd, 1635
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.

Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whofe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juftly flies, 1641
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perfon in the foe's eftate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Chriftian laws allow not fuch redrefs; 1645
Then let the greater fuperfede the lefs.
But let the abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may fure be found to write
Among her fons; for 'tis no common fight, 1650
A fpotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The favage, though fhe faw her plea controul'd,
Yet would not wholly feem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ftrife,
And judge converfion by the convert's life. 1655
'Tis true, fhe faid, I think it fomewhat ftrange,
So few fhould follow profitable change:
For prefent joys are more to flefh and blood,
Than a dull profpect of a diftant good.
'Twas well alluded by a fon of mine, 1660
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to blifs;
The larger loadftone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails; 1664
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails;

But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd) 1670
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head: 1675
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge yourſelf, if intereſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe, 1680
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my flow increaſe.
By education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The prieſt continues what the nurſe began, 1685
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But intereſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,

The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
When intereſt fortifies an argument, 1691
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſy bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cauſe, 1695
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief, among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd; 1700
Diſdain of Fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

Ver. 1701. *Diſdain of Fathers*] The opinions and authority of the primitive Fathers has been much queſtioned and diminiſhed by many able and learned writers, but by none more ſo than by Daillé, Le Clerc, Barbeyrac, and Middleton, and above all, by Dr. Whitby, in his Diſſertation de S. Scripturarum Interpretatione, printed in London, 1714. Moſheim has with much candour confeſſed, that the Fathers abound with precepts of an exceſſive and unreaſonable auſterity, with ſtoical and academical dictates, vague and indeterminate notions, and, what is yet worſe, with deciſions that are abſolutely falſe, and in evident oppoſition to the precepts of Chriſt. Of which he gives two inſtances, that of holding the error of a double doctrine, and maintaining that it was lawful to deceive and lie, if by that means the intereſt of the Church might be promoted. To which may be added, their forced and fanciful, and allegorical explications of ſome of the moſt important facts in the ſacred Scriptures.—Buddæus has, in a treatiſe entitled, Iſagoge ad Theologiam, diſcuſſed the queſtion of what authority is due to the works of the Fathers. But it is difficult for him to defend Ambroſe and Hilary, Auguſtin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome, from the

To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil, 1705
And range around the realm without controul,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.

charge above-mentioned, of the utility and propriety of uſing pious frauds in ſubjects of religion. I will juſt add, that the errors and abſurdities of Jerome are pointed out and expoſed with great force and ability by Le Clerc, in Quæſtiones Hieronymianæ, 1700. But no writer has, on the whole, ſpoken of the merits and demerits of the primitive Fathers with ſo much temper and truth as the learned Dr. Jortin. St. Cyprian, in his exhortation to martyrdom, after having applied the myſterious number, ſeven, to the ſeven days of the creation, to the ſeven thouſand years of the world's duration, to the ſeven ſpirits that ſtand before God, to the ſeven lamps of the tabernacle, to the ſeven candleſticks of the Apocalypſe, to the ſeven pillars of wiſdom, to the ſeven children of the barren woman, to the ſeven women who took one man for their huſband, to the ſeven brothers of the Maccabees, obſerves, that St. Paul mentions that number as a privileged number; which, ſays he, is the reaſon why he did not write but to ſeven churches. St. Gregory of Nyſſa, St. Ambroſe, St. Chryſoſtom himſelf, and St. Jerome, all wrote in praiſe of virginity and celibacy, and ſaid that ſtate was as ſuperior to wedlock as angels are to men. St. Jerome, in his Commentary on St. Matthew, xxiii. 35, clearly, and without reſerve, juſtifies the propriety and lawfulneſs of uſing pious frauds in defending religion. This ſaint, it is ſaid, was whipt by an angel, ſent to chaſtiſe him for being fond of, and for imitating Cicero. But a man of wit ſaid, it was for imitating Cicero ſo inelegantly and coarſely.

Among other abſurd allegorical interpretations of the Fathers, Gregory Nazianzen affirms, that the brazen ſerpent, which Moſes ſet up in the wilderneſs, was not a type of Chriſt's body ſuffering for us, but of the ſerpent deſtroyed and dead by the death of Chriſt, and giving us aſſurance of our life and ſalvation, by being exhibited to us as vanquiſhed and lifeleſs himſelf. This interpretation is as puerile and groundleſs as what St. Ambroſe ſays of Balaam's aſs, upbraiding her maſter in plain articulate words; as giving us to underſtand in a figure, that in the laſt days, upon the advent of the great angel of God, the Gentiles alſo ſhould ſpeak, which were before but as dumb aſſes. In Luc. l. 1. the ſtory of Balaam's aſs has been the occaſion of many abſurd, and indeed ſome profane comments and obſervations.

Dr. J. Warton.

You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not prophefy your fate. 1710
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.
For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.
Nay, no miſchance, the ſavage dame reply'd, 1716
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale. 1720
The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun, in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone. 1726
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.

Ver. 1727. *From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line, Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.*]

Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, et hauſtus
Æthereos dixere——— Georg, iv. 220.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1728. *Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.*] Horace, Serm. lib. 2. ii. 79.

Atque adfligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

TODD.

This merry choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their chear, 1731
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew, 1735
Which by inſtinct, or prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair: 1741
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below, 1745
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Ver. 1732. *And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;*]
——— inverſum contriſtat aquarius annum.
JOHN WARTON.

Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale: 1750
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the Martin readily concurr'd, 1755
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code, 1760
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houshold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess, 1765
And casting schemes by planetary guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak. 1770
That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.)

Ver. 1769. *Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,*
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.]
Ante sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix. Virg.
JOHN WARTON.

To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream, 1775
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time, 1780
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineresſ had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come (but many ages yet) 1785
In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot. 1790
"Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away. 1795

Ver. 1776. *Sure* ſigns *of anguiſh*,] *Sign*. Original edition.
TODD.

The paſſage yet was good; the wind 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind, 1800
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails too dry.
But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes 1805
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
'Till groſſer atoms, tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream: 1810
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear;
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons, and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes. 1816

The advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the
moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to ſtay. 1820
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare: 1825
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven ſome miracle might
ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward
go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay, 1831
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:
For Martin much devotion did not aſk; 1835
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their
taſk.
It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art. 1840

Some Swifts *, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiffes, or for Gibeonites deſign'd)
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain; 1845
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow 1850
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly, 1855
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

* Otherwiſe called *Martletts*. Original edition.

Ver. 1842. *Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted*, &c.] *Large-limb'd*, though not a word of the moſt poetical ſound, appears to have been introduced into our poetry by Drayton, who in his *Owle*, publiſhed in 1604, has the "*large-lymb'd oak*." Milton applies this compound to Og, Pſalm cxxxvi. ver. 69. Marſton had before called Alcides *big-limm'd*, Scourge of Villanie, 1598, B. iii. Sat. viii.

Big-limm'd Alcides, doff thy honor's crowne.

TODD.

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own: 1861
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings. 1865
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That every ſon can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by lawyers ty'd 1871
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage-offerings riſe apace.
Their ancient houſes running to decay, 1875
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtores of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year, 1880
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.

Ver. 1874. ——— *marriage*-offerings &c.] The firſt edition, by an evident error of the preſs, has *offsprings*.
TODD.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd) 1885
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
The rest would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste; 1890
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad astronomer's account,
That week the Virgin balance should remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way, 1895
And hid the small remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and justled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night. 1990
Night came, but unattended with repose;
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

Ver. 1887. *The rest would* needs *conduct them*] *Need*, Orig. edit. TODD.

What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round,
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found, 1905
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.

The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl; 1910
She ſpread them wider yet, but could not cover all.

To augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
'Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain. 1915

The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.

The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey: 1920
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:

But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them with bats, or poll'd them down. 1925
Martin himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treaſonous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air; 1930
And there his corpſe, unbleſs'd, is hanging ſtill,
To ſhew the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:

Ver. 1931. ——— is *hanging ſtill,*] Original edition, *are* hanging. TODD.

Ver. 1933. *The patience of the Hind,*] But her patience would have been ſtill more exhauſted, if her antagoniſt had told her, that in the diſpute that aroſe betwixt the Senate of Venice and the Church of Rome, about the year 1615, in the time of Pope Paul the Fifth, the partiſans of the latter, and particularly Bellarmine, maintained that the pope is inveſted with all the authority of heaven and earth; that all princes are his vaſſals, and that he may annul their laws at pleaſure; that kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal monarch of the whole earth; that he can diſcharge ſubjects from their oaths of allegiance, and make it their duty to take up arms againſt their ſovereign; that he may depoſe kings without any fault committed by them, if the good of the Church requires it; that the clergy are exempt from all tributes to kings, and are not accountable to them even in caſes of high treaſon; that the pope cannot err; that the pope is God on earth; that his ſentence and that of God are the ſame; and that to call his power in queſtion, is to call in queſtion the power of God. Though Eraſmus had not the reſolution and vigour of Luther, yet by his incomparable ridicule he

Which ribbald art their Church to Luther owes; 1935
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the ſerpent's teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate: 1940
Then ſaid, I take the advice in friendly part;
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd, 1945
Whoſe every child is equal to the reſt:
No Church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſumm'd their ſcandals up by centuries.

greatly promoted the Reformation. What an exquiſite piece of wit and ſatire is the dialogue entitled Julius Excluſus, written certainly by Eraſmus, though he rather denied it. See Jortin's Life, Vol. II. p. 600. See Sallengru de Paſquillis, &c. This Julius was publiſhed in 1669, and alſo 1680, at Oxon. The Panther might alſo have reminded her antagoniſt of a fact that ſhe would not like to be told of, that there was printed and publiſhed, at Paris, 1589, a Relation of the Martyrdom of Brother Jaques Clement, in which it is affirmed, that an angel had appeared to him, had ſhewn him a drawn ſword, and ordered him to kill the tyrant. This paper is inſerted in the Satyre Menippée. Dr. J. Warton.

But through your parable I plainly ſee 1951
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not: the charge concerns not you: 1955
Your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king. 1960
Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though Heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument agen. 1965
If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and Kings' deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love; 1971
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.

Ver. 1967. ——— *what* yourſelves *profeſs*,] *Yourſelf.* Original edition. TODD.

If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly, 1975
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuffering brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife, 1981
And ſet it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins. 1985
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt Reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now; 1990
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Teſt would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand. 1995
Yet ſtill remember, that you wield a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your Sovereign Lord;
Deſign'd to hew the imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and dis-heir the crown,

To abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love. 2001
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold, 2010
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found; 2014
The dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now, when Time has made the impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch, 2020
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?

The firſt Reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate: 2025
But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt;
They need but rub their metal on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone 2030
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful Teſt unfound will paſs
The droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if the experiment were made to hold
For baſe productions, and reject the gold. 2035
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the Church or State from theſe;
The Papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
No gainful office gives him the pretence 2040
To grind the ſubject, or defraud the prince.

Ver. 2039. *The Papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.*] By the teſt-act tranſubſtantiation is to be abjured, a principal tenet of the Papiſts. DERRICK.

Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſterve.
Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place; 2045
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing Teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell. 2049
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſued *in formâ pauperis;* 2055
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride:
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring, 2060
As once Æneas to the Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.

You plead like him an ancient pedigree, 2065
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride. 2070
Thus plauſibly you veil the intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barbarous laws have been preferr'd; 2075
I ſpake againſt the Teſt, but was not heard;
Theſe to reſcind, and peerage to reſtore,
My gracious Sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.
Conſcience is then your plea, reply'd the dame, 2080
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every diſtant view.
When firſt the Lion ſat with awful ſway,
Your conſcience taught your duty to obey: 2085

Ver. 2083. ——— *with every* diſtant *view.*] The original edition has, with every *different* view. TODD.

He might have had your Statutes and your Teſt;
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed, your Church, rely'd.
In vain the ſects aſſay'd their utmoſt art, 2090
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part;
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when, by long experience, you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race, 2095
And only ſhort of Heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence our Egypt was ſupply'd,
You thought your Sovereign bound to ſend the tide: 2100
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;

Ver. 2098. —— *fruitful as the Nile;*] The religious rites and notions of any country, that are founded on the phyſical ſtate of that country, continue notwithſtanding all external changes of religion. The Nile in Egypt and the Ganges in India, are ſtill adored, notwithſtanding the eſtabliſhment of Mahometiſm. The difficulties of converting the Hindoos and ſome other Indian caſts, and the Chineſe, ſeem almoſt inſuperable, without ſupernatural aid. Dr. J. Warton.

Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe, 2105
And made a wiſe alliance with her foes.
Can Conſcience own the aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame. 2109
But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O Proteus conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
The ſeeming Gordian knot would ſoon unty;
Immortal powers the term of Conſcience know,
But Intereſt is her name with men below.
Conſcience or Intereſt be't, or both in one,
(The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone) 2120
The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our Teſt excludes your tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land; 2126
And, once let in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity: 2130

Ver. 2106. *And* made *a wiſe alliance* &c.] Orig. edit.
TODD.

Imperious need, which cannot be withſtood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime; 2136
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow; 2139
Your all-diſpenſing power protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the Hind, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You would poſtpone me to another reign;
'Till when you are content to be unjuſt:
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance, 2145
For preſent profit and inheritance.
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
Who will not now repeal, would perſecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend. 2150
For ſhame let Conſcience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatning floods and inundations near: 2155
If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea;

And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
To intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws, 2160
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe;
And argues that the true religion lies
In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.
Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear;
The ſound is frightful in a Chriſtian's ear: 2165
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain;
Thoſe prayers are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends op-
preſs'd, 2170
Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open
breaſt.
He ſtands in day-light, and diſdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride. 2175
Your Teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore;
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well, ſaid the Panther, I believe him juſt,
And yet ——
And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt;
You would be truſted, but you would not
truſt. 2180

The Hind thus briefly; and diſdain'd to in-
large
On power of Kings, and their ſuperior charge,
As Heaven's truſtees before the people's
choice:
Though ſure the Panther did not much re-
joice
To hear thoſe echos given of her once loyal
voice. 2185

The matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win; her hour of grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not
bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy 2190
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful
prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd, what concord there could
be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree? 2195
The dame reply'd: 'Tis ſung in every ſtreet,
The common chat of goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your
while
To take a wholeſome tale, though told in home-
ly ſtyle.

A plain good man, whoſe name is under-
ſtood, 2200
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At land and ſea, in many a doubtful fight, 2206
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oftner drew his ſword, and always for
the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, though
late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate: 2210
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent;
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick; 2215
So true, that he was aukward at a trick.
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards' arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but
lye.
Falſe friends (his deadlieſt foes) could find no
way 2220
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs, to betray:

Ver. 2218. *And* cowards' *arts* &c.] And *coward* arts. Orig. edit. TODD.

That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For proſperous honeſty is seldom ſeen 2226
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend, 2230
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.
This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd; 2235
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone,
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own; 2239
A ſort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on ſalt they feed.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws; 2246
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That houſe which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better birds; 2250
But fluttering there, they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies, they could ſcent a plenteous board, 2254
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord:
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor. 2259
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd they never quit their claim; 2264
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to Heaven's high name;

And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their maſter did not like the food, 2270
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence. 2275
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought:
But left his hinds each in his private power,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flower.
He for himſelf, and not for others, choſe, 2280
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn rites was made,
And ſacred incenſe on his altars laid.

Ver. 2271. *As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.*] Vide Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. Oxford, page 65.
JOHN WARTON.

Beſides theſe jolly birds, whoſe corpſe impure 2285
Repaid their commons with their ſalt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his uſe:
Wherein his poor domeſtic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes, 2291
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruiſe of water and an ear of corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought 2295
A ſheaf in every ſingle grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall; 2300
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites; and vex the etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt. 2306
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!

Ver. 2285. ——— *whoſe* corpſe *impure*] Whoſe *crops* impure. Orig. edit. TODD.

What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die? 2310
The world was fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.
Good ſenſe in ſacred worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls 2315
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And ſiſter Partlet, with her hooded head,
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtiff world to God, 2320
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe: 2325
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how wonderouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe, 2330
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.

Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
(For vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,) 2335
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities, 2340
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall,
To view the monſter, crowded Pigeon-hall. 2345
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring ſhrines, and ſtocks of ſainted trees;
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face.
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.

Ver. 2339. ——— ſome *Egyptian piece,*] *An* Egyptian piece. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2347. Adoring *ſhrines,*] So the original edition. Derrick has, *adorning*. TODD.

The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The Paſſive Church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow; 2355
With groundleſs fears, and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But Intereſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word. 2360
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd 2365
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe: 2370
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt, or profit, ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed:

Ver. 2361. *A law, the ſource* &c.] Penal laws againſt Popiſh recuſants. DERRICK.

Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd, 2374
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the Sovereign was of ſubjects' uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
The effects of ſo unnatural a law: 2380
But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be,)
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe, 2385
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays: 2390
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd to ſee them work in vain, 2395
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:

But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies; 2400
For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wiſe.

After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aſide,
That deſperate cures muſt be to deſperate ills apply'd: 2405
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from the increaſing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind: 2409
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak;
The Muſquet, and the Coyſtrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt; 2415

Ver. 2401. *For fools are* doubly *fools*, &c.] The original edition has—*double* fools. TODD.

Ver. 2414. ——— *above the reſt,*
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;]

The character of the Buzzard was drawn for the celebrated Biſhop Burnet, out of compliment to King James II. to whom he had been, on many accounts, obnoxious. He is introduced as a prince, becauſe his ſpirit and activity raiſed him to be regarded by many of the opponents to the court-meaſures, as the head of their party; and certainly none of the clergy was ſo meddling and inquiſitive as he was; ſo that it is not unjuſt of our poet to ſay, that

Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.

He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.

The biſhop was good-humoured, converſable, and charitable; abſent, credulous, and talkative;

More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd.

It is certain he gave room for this impeachment of his honeſty, by drawing up two papers in defence of divorce and polygamy; a taſk very unworthy of a clergyman: and by his behaviour, with regard to the Earl of Lauderdale's affairs in the Houſe of Commons, where he was examined as to what he heard that nobleman ſay, about arming the Iriſh Papiſts, and bringing a Scotch army into England, to ſupport ſome arbitrary meaſures intended to be ſet on foot by the king, and to over-awe the parliament. He at firſt refuſed to anſwer upon the latter point, and was diſmiſſed: he then return'd,

—— uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth the accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offered to the Moloch of the times.

Having waited for ſome time in the lobby, in hope of being called in again, he deſired to be readmitted, and now revealed every thing that had paſſed between them in private converſation; for which conduct he makes but a poor excuſe in his Hiſtory of his own Times. The Houſe of Commons laid great ſtreſs upon his declaration, and thus furniſhed with freſh matter, renewed their addreſs againſt the earl.

The papers above-mentioned, were written to ſupport a deſign ſet on foot by Shafteſbury and his emiſſaries, to divorce the king and procure him another wife, whoſe iſſue might exclude the Duke of York from the ſucceſſion: they are to be found in Mackay's Memoirs. Burnet firſt came from Scotland, where he was born, to London, to complete the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. The Earl of Lauderdale, at that time, received him with great hoſpitality, and a friendſhip that merited a different return from what he received. Nor was his behaviour to the Duke of York leſs indefenſible, his Highneſs having given him ſome diſtinguiſhing marks of his favour, which he requited with becoming one of his ſevereſt enemies; not ſo much from any views of ſerving theſe kingdoms, but becauſe that object that ſeemed moſt immediate to his intereſt, moſt engaged his atten-

I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends; 2420
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons' fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cram'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſovereign ſway: 2425
Petition him to accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent.
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard, 2430
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard was the general cry.

tion; and he thought oppoſition the ſwifteſt way to preferment. It is certain King James hated him, not without reaſon, and would have made him feel his reſentment, if he had not retired to the Prince of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. The biſhop has revenged himſelf, by calling Dryden, in the Hiſtory of his own Times, *a monſter of impurity*, and by mentioning him in his Reflections on Varillas, with a contempt to which he was infinitely ſuperior. DERRICK.

Ver. 2418. *I know he* hates &c.] I know he *haunts* &c. Orig. edit. TODD.

A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height: 2436

Ver. 2435. *A portly prince,*] This character of Buzzard was intended to ridicule biſhop Burnet, who had attacked Dryden for a tranſlation of Varillas. Montague and Prior make their Bays ſpeak thus of this paſſage:—" The excellence of a fable is in the length of it. Æſop indeed, like a ſlave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple ſtories, with a dry moral at the end of them, and could not form any noble deſign. But here, I give you fable upon fable; and after you are ſatisfied with beaſts in the firſt courſe, ſerve you up with a delicate diſh of fowl for the ſecond: now I was at all this pains to abuſe one particular perſon; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he ſerved me: I was once tranſlating a very good *French author*, but being ſomething long about it, as you know a man is not always in the humour; what does this Jack do, but puts out an anſwer to my friend before I had half finiſhed the tranſlation; ſo there was three whole months loſt upon his account. But I think I have my revenge on him ſufficiently, for I let all the world know that he is a *tall, broad-backed, luſty fellow*, of *a brown complexion, fair behaviour*, a *fluent tongue*, and *taking* amongſt the women; and to top it all, that he's much a *ſcholar*, more a *wit*, and owns but two *ſacraments*. Don't you think this fellow will hang himſelf? But, beſides, I have ſo nick't his character in a name, as will make you ſplit. I call him —— I'gad I won't tell you, unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *ſcholar*, and more a *wit*.

Bayes. Right, and his name is Buzzard, Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. *A portly prince,*] This violent and cutting ſatire on biſhop Burnet, which approaches the very verge of downright and diſguſting ribaldry, muſt be accounted for (I will not ſay apologized) by the biſhop's having called Dryden a monſter of impiety, for the obſcenities, blaſphemies, and falſhoods, with which he ſaid our author's works abounded. Burnet's own character appears every day to be more and more approved, and brightened by calm examination. His Hiſtory of his own Time, allowing, perhaps, that it is written in too careleſs and familiar a ſtyle, yet abounds in moſt curious facts that otherwiſe would have been unknown, and this very familiarity is pleaſing. His Hiſtory of the Reformation is ſurely a moſt valuable and important work, and one of the moſt deciſive blows Popery ever received. His Expoſition of the Articles is ſenſible, acute, and candid; with a laudable endeavour to free them from ſome

Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer :
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter :
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight ; 2439
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent ;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd ;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd :
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led, 2445
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled :
But brought the virtues of his heaven along :
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive ;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive. 2450
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſued his compliment ;
But by reverſe of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay : 2454

ſeeming abſurdities and contradictions. And his ſhort account of Lord Rocheſter a moſt uſeful, pious, and inſtructive little narrative. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 2441. ——— *than* genial *bent ;*] Than *natural* bent. Orig. edit. Todd.

Ver. 2442. ——— *by* nature *confident.*] By *nation* confident. Orig. edit. Todd.

Ver. 2446. *Or both* conjoin'd, his native *clime he fled :*] The original edition has

Or both *his own unhappy* clime &c. Todd.

Ver. 2448. ——— *a* fluent *tongue.*] *Flattering.* Orig. edit. Todd.

He ſhakes the duſt againſt the ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no Sovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes, 2461
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat. 2465
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows Confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd, 2471
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth the accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times. 2476
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame. 2480

Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcowers the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is the Captain of the Teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate: 2490
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A king, whom in his wrath the Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd. 2495
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd; 2500
Nor ſighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the preſs:

For birds of every feather fill the abode; 2505
E'en Atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And, reeking from the ſtews, adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.
That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute: 2510
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their Sovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of ſoul. 2514
'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer, 2520
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.

Ver. 2519. *And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,*
Though naming not the patron, &c.]

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a ſermon in the Rolls chapel againſt Popery, in which he dropped ſome oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered he ſhould preach in that place no more, and he ſoon after found it neceſſary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the ſtates as a traitor, but they refuſed to acquieſce. It is ſaid 3000l. was ordered to be paid by the treaſury to any perſon that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands.

DERRICK.

But when the imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuffering wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for the extremes to find.
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind; 2526
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs: 2530
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride, 2534
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields 2541
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds: 2545

Ver. 2537. *His* fowls *of nature* &c.] His *fowl* &c. Original edition. TODD.

Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons' Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove; 2550
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The Paſſive Church, that with pretended grace 2555
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs:
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed (the ſecret ſpoils of peace.) 2560
'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate:
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay. 2566

Ver. 2550. ——— *of* this *pretended Dove;*] Orig. edit.
TODD.

Ver. 2559. *The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,*]
—— exiguis profecta initiis eò creverit. Livy.
JOHN WARTON.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight:
But each have ſeparate intereſts of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne. 2572
Nor can the uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted Pigeons' blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare, 2575
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees, 2580
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;

Ver. 2583. *Thus did the gentle Hind*] It is obſervable that in this poem, full of fine verſification and weak argument, our author keeps to ſome leading doctrines of popery, and makes no defence of ſeveral of its abſurd tenets, purgatory, monkery, celibacy, confeſſion, reliques, nor of two which Swift has inimitably ridiculed, holy water and the Pope's bulls.

"Another diſcovery, for which Peter was much renowned, was his famous univerſal *pickle*. For having remarked how your common pickle in uſe among houſewives, was of no further benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kinds of vegeta-

But, with affected yawnings at the close, 2585
Seem'd to require her natural repose:

bles; Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same, with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, (and has been often that way applied with great success) but for its many sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlimpimp*, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *Spargefaction*, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels. If the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of *bulls*, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the *golden fleece*, though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others, very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture.

The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet*; but whether it happened by ill pasture, and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues: whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue; or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, 'tis certain that *Lord Peter's bulls* were extremely vitiated, by the rust of time in the metal of their *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was that of *squibs* and *crackers*."

Pope, it is said, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. I must own I cannot assent to this opinion. He tells us himself that he intended to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy to the first part. In this design he has woefully miscarried. The perspicuity and plausibility of

For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt. 2590
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

his reaſonings, however falſe and futile, ſhew a great command of language. This poem our author intended as a defence for his ſudden converſion to popery, eſpecially after his having written the Religio Laici, where ſuch oppoſite opinions were maintained and enforced. Whether this converſion was the effect of pure truth and conviction, muſt be left to the great ſearcher of our hearts to determine; but ſuch a change in ſo abject a flatterer, would naturally be imputed to mercenary motives. It is remarkable that Congreve, in his laboured and elegant defence of his friend's character, ſpeaks not a ſyllable on the ſubject. The converſions of two greater men to popery, that of Henry IV. and Marſhall Turenne, were reckoned intereſted and inſincere. The following very ſevere lines are preſerved in the State Poems, on this occaſion:

At all religions to the laſt from firſt,
Thou ſtill haſt rail'd, and then eſpous'd the worſt;
In this thy wiſdom ſuch as 'twas before,
T' abuſe all woman kind—then wed a whore.

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 2588. *And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.*]
Suadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos. Virgil.

John Warton.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA;

A

POEM

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Dii Patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Veſtaque Mater,
Quæ Tuſcum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia ſervas,
Hunc ſaltem everſo *Puerum* ſuccurrere ſæclo
Ne prohibete: ſatis jampridem ſanguine noſtro
Laomedontææ luimus *Perjuria* Trojæ.

Virg. Georg. 1.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA*;

A

POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:

* "On the 10th of June, 1688, the queen was ſuddenly ſeized with labour-pains, and delivered of a ſon, who was baptized by the name of James, and declared Prince of Wales.—All the catholics and friends of James were tranſported with the moſt extravagant joy at the birth of this child; while great part of the nation conſoled themſelves with the notion that it was altogether ſuppoſititious. They carefully collected a variety of circumſtances, upon which this conjecture was founded; and though they were inconſiſtent, contradictory, and inconcluſive, the inference was ſo agreeable to the views and paſſions of the people, that it made an impreſſion which, in all probability, will never be totally effaced. Dr. Burnet, who ſeems to have been at uncommon pains to eſtabliſh this belief, and to have conſulted all the Whig nurſes in England upon the ſubject; firſt pretends to demonſtrate, that the queen was not with child; ſecondly, that ſhe was with child, but miſcarried; thirdly, that a child was brought into the queen's apartment in a warming-pan; fourthly, that there was no child at all in the room; fifthly, that the queen actually bore a child, but it died that ſame day; ſixthly, that the ſuppoſititious child had not the fits; ſeventhly, that it had the fits, of which it died at Richmond: therefore the Chevalier de St. George muſt be the fruit of four different impoſtures." Smollett's Hiſtory of England.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1 *Our vows are heard*] It might be expected, that a late and zealous convert to popery would join in the general triumph and exultation, felt by all his brethren, on the birth of a prince who might be the means of perpetuating the Catholic

Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe, who came to pray.
Juſt on the day, when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in his northern progreſs run, 6
He bended forward, and ev'n ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the buſineſs of his longeſt morn; 10
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to chear, 15
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes the auſpicious heir,
This age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.

Religion on the throne of theſe kingdoms, eſpecially as this important event was imputed to a vow made by the Dutcheſs of Modena to the Holy Virgin at Loretto, that her daughter might by her means have a ſon.

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Which was the motto of a long poem in hexameter verſe, and not bad Latin, now before me, written by Mr. J. Plowden at this time. Burnet certainly has diſgraced his hiſtory by collecting all the idle and incredible tales, and inconſiſtent accounts of the birth of this prince, in order to prove it was a ſuppoſititious child, and has given a narration more worthy of a nurſe or midwife, than of a biſhop and hiſtorian. King William, with that generoſity and magnanimity that diſtinguiſhed his character, gave no credit or countenance to this improbable fiction.

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 6. ——— *in* his *northern progreſs*] Thus the original edition in 1688. Derrick has *its*. Todd.

Ver. 13. *Her* bloomy *beauties*] Original edition. Derrick, by an abſurd error, has *gloomy*. Todd.

* Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend; 20
But when his wond'rous † octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a bleſſing to ſo good a king,
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire, 25
As once, in council to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt;
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed. 30
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:
The Mighty Trine the triple empire ſhar'd,
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail ſon of prayers! by holy violence 35
Drawn down from heaven; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;

* Whit-Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 20. *The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend;*] So Parnell:
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view.
JOHN WARTON.

† Trinity Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 37. *And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:*]
Serus in cœlum redeas. Hor.
JOHN WARTON.

To change the inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins. 40
Kind heaven, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye ſeraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join, 45
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his ſon an auſpice to the new. 50
Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the Dragon * winged on his way,
To watch the travail †, and devour the prey.
Or, if alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry, 55
The ſnakes beſieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For oppoſition makes a hero great.
To needful ſuccour all the good will run,
And Jove aſſert the godhead of his ſon. 60
O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging yourſelves the benefits of fate,

Ver. 49. ——— this *running century*] Orig. edition. TODD.

Ver. 50. ——— his *ſon*] Orig. edit. Derrick has *this* ſon. TODD.

* Alluding only to the Commonwealth party, here and in other places of the poem. Original edition.

† Rev. xii. 4. Original edition.

Look up, and read in characters of light
A bleſſing ſent you in your own deſpight.
The manna falls, yet that celeſtial bread 65
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like their's, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild:
Or if it be, may Moſes live at leaſt,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd reſt. 70
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven his footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wond'rous in his ways, 75
The riſe of empires, and their fall ſurveys;
More (might I ſay) than with an uſual eye,
He ſees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,
And hears the ſouls of ſaints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the ſign *, 80
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Conſtantine:
The moon † grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her train of ſtars have loſt their light.

* The croſs. Original edition.

† The creſcent which the Turks bear for their arms. Orig. edition.

Behold another Sylveſter *, to bleſs
The ſacred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs; 85
Large of his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine †;
(The former too was of the Britiſh line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd, 90
Whoſe exile many ſought, and few oppos'd?
Or, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit thoſe evils, that this good might come?
So manifeſt, that e'en the moon-ey'd ſects
See whom and what this Providence protects. 95
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore ‡,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.

* The pope in the time of Conſtantine the Great, alluding to the preſent pope. Original edition.

Ver. 84. *Behold another Sylveſter*, &c.] The pope, in James the Second's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romiſh Church in the time of Conſtantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down. DERRICK.

† King James the Second. Original edition.

Ver. 89. *The former too was of the Britiſh line*] St. Helen, mother of Conſtantine the Great, was an Engliſhwoman; and Archbiſhop Uſher affirms, that the emperor himſelf was born in this kingdom. DERRICK.

Ver. 92. Or, *did not* &c.] Original edition. Derrick has O, did not &c. TODD.

‡ The Lemmon ore. Original edition.

Ver. 97. —— *that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore*,] The ſand-bank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been loſt in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman ore. DERRICK.

To dream that chance his preſervation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
Or the ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
To people earth, and to reſtore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majeſtic face 105
Give awful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
On the fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:
If the firſt opening page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how the unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies 110
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles; 115
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Aſſures our birthrights, and aſſumes his own:
Born in broad day-light, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun. 121
* Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confeſs the godhead cloth'd in earth:

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderneſs. Original edition.

But ſicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent of the ſkies: 125
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
* Not great Æneas ſtood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden face, 130
Shining with all his goddeſs mother's grace:
For ſhe herſelf had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
If our victorious Edward †, as they ſay,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day, 135
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day? 141
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.

* Virg. Æneid, 1. Original edition.

† Edward, the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 144. *Our prince adorns* his *day*,] Original edition.

TODD.

* Great Michael, prince of all the ætherial hoſts, 146
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou †, the adopted patron of our iſle,
With chearful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above, 150
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did the avenging angel yet retire, 155
But purg'd our ſtill increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the ſtill impending Teſt,
And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood; 159
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt through their native ſoil:
A harveſt ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early ſaints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven: 166
Let them for his and our atonement go;
And reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule below.

* The motto of the poem explained. Original edition.

† St. George. Original edition.

Enough already has the year foreflow'd
His wonted courfe, the fea has overflow'd, 170
The meads were floated with a weeping fpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to fing:
The ftrong-limb'd fteed beneath his harnefs faints,
And the fame fhivering fweat his lord attaints.
When will the minifter of wrath give o'er? 175
Behold him, at Araunah's * threfhing-floor:
He ftops, and feems to fheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenfe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebufite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God. 180
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys fincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear,
To fully and pollute the facred infant's year.
Five months to difcord and debate were given:
He fanctifies the yet remaining feven. 185
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleft,
And prelude to the realms perpetual reft!
Let his baptifmal drops for us atone;
Luftrations for offences † not his own.

Ver. 169. ——— *the year* foreflow'd
His wonted courfe, &c.]
Original edition. Derrick has *forefhow'd*. TODD.

* Alluding to the paffage in 1 Kings xxiv. 20. Orig. edit.

† Original fin. Orig. edit.

Let Conſcience, which is Intereſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptiz'd. 191
* Unnam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to fame:
Is there a ſtrife in heaven about his name?
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies? 195
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe 200
Who durſt her infant Majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues, and faſcinating eyes;
This iſle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name: 205
The artillery of heaven ſhall make him known;
† Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was grown.

* The prince chriſten'd, but not named. Original edition.

Ver. 197. ——— *the ſacred Tetragrammaton.*] Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews.—Original edition.

Ver. 199. *Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd.*] Some authors ſay, That the true name of Rome was kept a ſecret: Ne hoſtes incantamentis deos elicerent. Original edition.

† Candie, where Jupiter was born and bred ſecretly. Orig. edition.

As Jove's increaſe *, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd; 211
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the father in his ſoul, 215
And, for his Eſtian race, and Saxon ſtrain,
Might reproduce ſome ſecond Richard's reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are deſpicably good;
Be this the mixture of this regal child, 220
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious tranſport of the news
Had to prophetic madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd. 225
Was it for me the dark abyſs to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd, when the ſudden blaſt †,
The face of heaven, and our young ſun o'ercaſt!
Fame, the ſwift ill, increaſing as ſhe roll'd, 230
Diſeaſe, deſpair, and death, at three repriſes told;

* Pallas, or Minerva, ſaid by the poets to have been bred up by hand. Original edition.

† The ſudden falſe report of the prince's death. Orig. edit.

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high, 234
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood* by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief: so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven. 240
As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate. 246
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So ere the Shunamite † a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd. 250
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.

* Those giants are feigned to have grown fifteen ells every day. Original edition.

† In 2 Kings iv. Original edition.

The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſtoral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd, 255
'Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul return'd.

Thus mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.

As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain, 260
Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And, ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear 265
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt:
For Heaven will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear; 270
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may paſs,
With ſparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.

Ver. 273. ——— *will diet us to good;*] Many ſtriking examples of the ſtrange inequalities, and of the mixture of good and bad, that appear in our author's works, may be given from

So feeds the mother-bird her craving young 275
With little morſels, and delays them long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But, where's the wedding-garment on the gueſt?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme. 280
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard, 285
And vainly thought the preſent ark * their guard;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent, though his ark was there.

this poem. I hope I may be pardoned for pointing out ſome ſingular paſſages, in which may be found his elegancies and vulgariſms, his flights and deſcents, his reaſonings and fallacies, his juſt panegyric and ſordid adulation, and his piety and profaneneſs. See from verſe 20 to 40, verſe 53, verſe 65, verſe 69, verſe 80, (in alluſion to the ſtory of Conſtantine's croſs, now given up as fabulous by all candid hiſtorians. See Fabricius, Bib. Gr. v. 6.) verſe 100, verſe 126, ſix elegant lines; verſe 111, groſs flattery; and alſo verſe 136, verſe 190, verſe 196, verſe 230, four fine lines, but diſgraced by verſe 233; verſe 210, groſs flattery; verſe 296, eight beautiful lines; as alſo verſe 256 to verſe 269; verſe 290, flattery; and verſe 292, profane; verſe 300 to verſe 310, very elegant; verſe 323, vulgar alluſion; verſe 329, almoſt burleſque; verſe 331, and what follows of Ariſtides, verſe 336, very nauſeous adulation.

Dr. J. Warton.

* 1 Sam. iv. 10. Original edition.

Ah! left our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away, 290
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek * can rout the choſen bands, 296
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain, 300
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day,
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere, 305
Beyond the ſunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Though beautiful is well in pious loſt; 310
So loſt, as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;

* Exod. xvii. 8. Original edition.

Or gold about the regal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day? 315
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, tho' the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conſpire, 320
But keep the auſpicious infant from the quire;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter muſic than his cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, great monarch, more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore; 325
The day which gave this Unit, did not ſhine
For a leſs omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our iſle has younger titles ſtill in ſtore, 330
And when the exhauſted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign ſhore.
The name of Great your martial mind will ſuit;
But juſtice is your darling attribute:

Ver. 313. ——— *the* regal *diadem,*] Original edition. Derrick has *royal.* TODD.

Ver. 319. *That, tho' the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done.*] This is the punctuation of the original edition. TODD.

Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's * due,
And, in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you. 336
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust, 341
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their state, 345
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity; 350
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he, 355
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch. Original edition.

This virtue is your own; but life and ſtate
Are one to fortune ſubject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile; 360
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's, our iſle.

MAC FLECKNOE*.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.

* This is one of the beſt, as well as ſevereſt ſatires, ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to ſucceed him in the throne of dullneſs; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly aſſerted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Flecknoe, Eſq; from whom this poem derives its name, was an Iriſh prieſt, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aſide the mechanic part of the prieſthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," ſays Langbaine, "publiſhed ſundry works, as he ſtiles them, to continue his name to poſterity, though poſſibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavours could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue, whilſt Mr. Dryden's ſatire, called Mac-Flecknoe, ſhall remain in vogue."

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad.

DERRICK.

There is a copy of this ſatire in manuſcript, among the manuſcripts in the Archiepiſcopal Library at Lambeth Palace; which preſents ſome readings, different from the printed copies, that may probably amuſe the reader, and perhaps in two or three inſtances induce him to prefer the *written text*. The MS. is numbered 711. 8.

TODD.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Auguſtus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;

Ver. 1. *All human things*] Will it be thought an extravagant and exaggerated encomium to ſay, that in point of pleaſantry, various ſorts of wit, humour, ſatire, both oblique and direct, contempt and indignation, clear diction, and melodious verſification, this poem is perhaps the beſt of its kind in any language. Boileau, who ſpent his life, exhauſted his talents, and ſoured his temper, in proſcribing bad poets, has nothing equal to it. It is preciſely in the ſtyle and manner mentioned by Horace

—— modò triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modò Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò.

It is obvious to obſerve that this poem is the parent of the Dunciad, which, with all the labour beſtowed upon it, is not equal to its original: Though Dr. Johnſon praiſes it, as being more extended in its plan, and more diverſified in its incidents. It certainly is more extended in its plan, by attacking ſuch a multitude of mean ſcribblers, but the attack, by being ſo divided, is of leſs force than if confined to one alone. And what plan does Dr. Johnſon mean? does he mean that in four books, in which the ſubject of electing Tibbald as king of the Dunces was totally altered, and enlarged into an account of the Empire of Dulneſs ſpreading over the whole world, inſtead of veſting it in one monarch; which monarch was alſo unhappily and unſkillfully changed to Cibber inſtead of Tibbald. I ſhall not repeat what is ſaid on this ſubject in the fifth volume of the laſt edition of Pope. As to the incidents being more diverſified, Dr. Johnſon alludes to the introduction of the games, which are deſcribed in the moſt offenſive language, and in images groſs and vulgar. It is difficult to underſtand fully the meaning of Pope in the fourth book of the Dunciad. Many ſpecies of falſe and trifling ſtudies and purſuits are well expoſed. But did he really mean to ſay, contrary to all experience, that the Empire of Dulneſs was becoming univerſal over all Europe, and that art after art was daily expiring, when every art is every day improving and enlarged? The numbers in Pope's Dunciad, by being very much laboured,

In profe and verfe, was own'd, without difpute,
Through all the realms of Nonfenfe, abfolute. 6
This aged prince, now flourifhing in peace,
And bleft with iffue of a large increafe;
Worn out with bufinefs, did at length debate
To fettle the fucceffion of the ftate: 10
And, pondering, which of all his fons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, "'Tis refolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who moft refembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
Mature in dullnefs from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my fons, is he,
Who ftands confirm'd in full ftupidity.

are become the moft hard and inharmonious of any of his works. To make the poem tolerably intelligible, which every day renders more and more neceffary, it has become unavoidable to print it, in a very late edition, with thofe many and long notes given to him by his friends, Swift, Arbuthnot, Cleland, Savage, Warburton, and others, without which the names, families, abodes, and employments of the contemptible fcribblers muft have remained totally unknown. But after all that is here faid of the excellence of Mac Flecknoe, candour and juftice oblige us to add, that Shadwell did not in juftice deferve the character here given of him, becaufe in many of his plays are characters fupported with true humour and fpirit, and plots fkilfully enough conducted. So that neither Dryden nor Pope were fortunate and juft in their refpective heroes, as neither Shadwell nor Cibber deferved to be placed in fuch ridiculous and contemptible fituations. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 11. ——— *which of all his fons* was *fit*] —— which of all his fons *were* fitt. MS. TODD.

Ver. 12. ——— immortal war] —— immortal *wars*. MS. TODD.

The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into ſenſe. 20
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, 25
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks, that ſhade the plain,
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology. 30
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung, 35
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge; 40

Ver. 33. *And, coarſely* clad *in* Norwich *drugget, came*] And coarſely *cloath'd* in *ruſty* drugget came. MS.

TODD.

Ver. 39. *With* well-tim'd *oars*] With well-*trim'd* oars. MS.

TODD.

And big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-ſharpen'd thumb from ſhore to ſhore 45
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along. 50
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou weild'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhime:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel; 55
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."

Ver. 42. *The like* was ne'er in Epſom blankets *toſt*.] The like *in Epſom blanket ne'er was* toſt. MS. TODD.

Ver. 44. *The lute* ſtill trembling] The lute *ſhe trembles* &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 53. *St. André's feet ne'er kept* &c.] A French dancing-maſter, at this time greatly admired.

DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *Though they in number as in* ſenſe *excel;*] Though they in number as in *verſe* excel. MS.

TODD.

Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy, 60
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind,
(The fair Auguſta much to fears inclin'd) 65
An ancient fabric rais'd to inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe, 70
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred; 75
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Jonſon dares in ſocks appear; 80

Ver. 64. *Cloſe* to *the walls* &c] Cloſe *by* the walls &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 67. —— *Barbican* it *hight:*] Barbican *is* hight. MS. Todd.

But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne. 86
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pſyches owe,
But worlds of Miſers from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and Hypocrites it ſhould produce, 92
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empreſs Fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town. 95
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.
No Perſian carpets ſpread the imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come, 100
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.

Ver. 81. ——— *Simkin juſt reception finds*] Simkin is a character of a cobler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned ſoon after, was a famous punſter.

DERRICK.

Ver. 88. *That in this* pile *ſhould reign* &c.] That in this *place* ſhould reign &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 96. *Rous'd by report of* fame, &c.] Rous'd by report of *pomp*, &c. MS. TODD.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almoſt chok'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard. 105
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face. 111
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his ſire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulneſs would maintain; 115

Ver. 102. *Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby*] Except Lopez de Vega, Heywood was the moſt voluminous of all play writers, having had, as he himſelf quaintly expreſſes it, either an entire hand, or at the leaſt a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays. He lived in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I. He alſo tranſlated dialogues of Lucian and Eraſmus, and in the year 1635 publiſhed, in folio, a poem called "The Hierarchy of the Bleſſed Angels." James Shirley deſerved to be placed in better company. He had a fine imagination; he was the author of thirty-nine plays, in many of which are fine paſſages, as there are in his poems. Ogleby was the well-known author of a dull tranſlation of Homer and Virgil, which, however, as was his hiſtory of China, were adorned with valuable cuts by Hollar. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 107. *High on a* throne &c.] High on a *ſtate* &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 113. Swore *by his ſire*, &c.] *Sworn* by his ſire, &c. MS. Certainly the preferable reading. Todd.

And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with
ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of ball, 120
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway;
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young, 124
And from whoſe loins recorded Pſyche ſprung.
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung, by Tyber's brook, 130
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The ſire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed 135
Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging god;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.

Ver. 117. ——— nor *truce with ſenſe.*] *Or* truce with ſenſe. MS.
TODD.

Ver. 138. *At length* burſt *out* &c.] At length *broke* out &c. MS.
TODD.

"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main; 140
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: "My son, advance 145
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. 150
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writer's wit.

Ver. 143. *Beyond Love's Kingdom* &c.] This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's, which was acted, but miscarried in the representation. DERRICK.

Ver. 144. ——— *the people* cry'd, *Amen.*] The people *said*, Amen. MS. TODD.

Ver. 149. *Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;*] Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, "that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and satire." DERRICK.

Ver. 150. ——— *accuse thy* toil *of wit.*] Accuse thy *soil* of wit. MS. TODD.

Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence, 155
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own. 160
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou would'ſt cull, 165
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.

Ver. 159. ——— *to* future *ages* &c.] To *after* ages &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 160. ——— *but* iſſue *of thy own.*] But *iſſues* of thy own. MS. TODD.

Ver. 164. *To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.*] Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called Epſom Wells. DERRICK.

Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature, or in art? 176
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſyche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, "whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe," 181
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Etheridge doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow, 185
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd: 190
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Ver. 176. *What* ſhare *have we in nature, or in art?*] *For* what have we in nature, or in art? MS. TODD.

Ver. 178. And *rail at* arts &c.] *Or* raile at *art* &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 179. ——— *prince Nicander's vein,*] A character of a lover in the opera of Pſyche. DERRICK.

Ver. 190. *By which* one *way* &c.] By which *each* way &c. MS. TODD.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite. 200
In thy felonious art though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command, 205
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou may'ſt Wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or, if thou would'ſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute."
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard: 211
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.

Ver. 193. *Nor let thy mountain-belly* &c.] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty luſty. DERRICK.

Ver. 204. ——mild *Anagram.*] *Kind* Anagram. MS. TODD.

Ver. 207. ——— *and* Altars *raiſe,*] And *trophies* raiſe. MS. TODD.

Ver. 212. *For Bruce and Longvil* &c.] Two very heavy cha-

Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a ſubterranean wind. 215
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

racters in Shadwell's Virtuoſo, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good ſenſe. DERRICK.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

TO MY

HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ROBERT HOWARD*,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT POEMS.

AS there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which, with a merry heart,

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger ſon of Thomas Earl of Berkſhire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, ſtudied for ſome time in Magdalene-college. He ſuffered many oppreſſions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the IId's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his preſent ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he ſate as burgeſs, firſt for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Caſtle-Riſing in Norfolk. He was, ſoon after the reſtoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, valued at 3000l. per annum. Notwithſtanding that he was ſuppoſed to be a great favourer of the Catholics, he ſoon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counſellor in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in proſe and verſe, were publiſhed at different times; among which are the Duel of the Stags, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Com-

The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:

mittee, or, the Faithful Iriſhman; the Great Favorite, or, the Duke of Lerma; the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written in conjunction with our author; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; and the Veſtal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy: the laſt has two different concluſions, one tragical, and the other, to uſe the author's own words, comical. The laſt five plays were collected together, and publiſhed by Tonſon, in a ſmall 12mo volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with ſome of his poems.

Langbaine ſpeaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely poſitive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to univerſal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an oppoſite party, drew upon him the cenſure of Shadwell, who has ſatirized him very ſeverely in a play, called The Sullen Lovers, under the name of *Sir Poſitive At-all*, and his lady, whom he firſt kept, and afterwards married, under that of *Lady Vain*.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *As there is muſic*] One would have thought from this elegant exordium, that Sir Robert Howard was a ſon of fancy, and warbled his native wood notes wild with peculiar freedom and felicity. His poems, which are hard and proſaic, are not of this kind. The edition to which theſe were prefixed were printed by Herringman, 1660, and contains a Panegyric to the King, Songs and Sonnets, the Blind Lady, a comedy; the fourth book of Virgil, the Achilleis of Statius, a panegyric on General Monk. The ſongs are without harmony of numbers; the fourth book of Virgil lame and not faithful: the notes added to the Achilleis are ſome of them learned; the panegyric on Monk very inferior to that of Dryden. He wrote beſides, the Committee, a comedy; the Great Favourite, a tragedy; the Indian Queen, a tragedy; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; the Veſtal Virgin, a tragedy. He was member of Parliament for Stockbridge, in Hampſhire, and was brother-in-law to Mr. Dryden, who addreſſed his Annus Mirabilis to him, but quarrelled with him afterwards on defending dramatic rhyme, which Dryden defended in his Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry. In this epiſtle, the lines 23, 25, 31, 40, 44, 60, 100, are all of them full of fulſome and falſe adulation. The moſt celebrated of

So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells, 5
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep; 10
Such is your muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet, 15
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as ſtoics feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee 21
What hidden ſprings within the engine be;
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head 25
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread,

Howard's poems was the Duel of the Stags. Shadwell ſeverely ſatirized him under the character of Sir Poſitive At-all in his Sullen Lovers. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 26. *The curious net* &c.] A compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled Rete Mirabile.

DERRICK.

Lets through its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care: 30
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit. 34
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore. 40
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poeſy was queen, 45
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again; 50

And gives us hope, that having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
" A ſober prince's government is beſt."
This is not all; your art the way has found 55
To make the improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliſa's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true. 60
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliſa's ſhade may now its wandring ceaſe, 65
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took. 70
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colors laid ſo thick on every place, 75
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.

But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes. 80
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing, than their ſubſtance priz'd.
Your curious notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray, 85
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break. 90
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be, 95
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honor to obey
His country's intereſt, than the world to ſway.

But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen: 100
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
"This work, by merit first of fame secure,
"Is likewise happy in its geniture:
"For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne, 105
"It shares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

TO MY

HONOURED FRIEND,

DR. CHARLETON*,

ON HIS

LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONE-HENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

THE longeſt tyranny that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our anceſtors betray'd

* The book that occaſioned this epiſtle made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II. and entitled, "Chorea Gigantum; or, The moſt famous Antiquity of Great Britain, Stone-Henge, ſtanding on Saliſbury-plain, reſtored to the Danes by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and Phyſician in Ordinary to his Majeſty." It was written in anſwer to a treatiſe of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this ſtupendous pile to the Romans, ſuppoſing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Cœlus; and here that great architect let his imagination outrun his judgment, nay, his ſenſe; for he deſcribed it not as it is, but as it ought to be, in order to make it conſiſtent with what he delivered. Dr. Charleton, who will have this to be a Daniſh monument, was countenanced in his opinion by Olaus Wormius, who wrote him ſeveral letters upon the ſubject;

Their free-born reaſon to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their univerſal light.

yet, that he was miſtaken, appears by the mention made of Stone-Henge in Nennius's Hiſt. Britonum, a writer who lived two hundred years before the Danes came into England. Though his book was approved of by many men of great erudition, and is not only very learned, but abounds with curious obſervations, it was but indifferently received, and raiſed many clamours againſt the author.

Envy, however, could not prevent Dr. Charleton's merits from being ſeen, nor divide him from the intimacy of Mr. Hobbes, the philoſopher; Sir George Ent, a celebrated phyſician; the noble family of the Boyle's; and Dr. William Harvey, whoſe claim to the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, he forcibly defended againſt the claim thereto ſet on foot by father Paul. Thus he

"From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave."

As that eminent phyſician was now dead, the doctor's behaviour upon this point was as generous an inſtance of gratitude and reſpect to his friend's memory, as it was a proof of his capacity and extenſive learning. He was preſident of the college of phyſicians, from 1689 to 1691, when his affairs being not in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate, he retired to the iſle of Jerſey, and died in 1707, aged eighty-eight years. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *The longeſt tyranny*] The rude magnitude of Stone-Henge has rendered it the admiration of all ages; and as the enormous ſtones which compoſe it appear too big to land-carriage, and as Saliſbury-plain, for many miles round, ſcarce affords any ſtones at all, it has been the opinion of ſome antiquaries, that theſe ſtones are artificial, and were made on the ſpot; but moſt authors are now agreed, that theſe ſtones are all natural, and that they were brought from a collection of ſtones called the Grey Wethers, growing out of the ground, about fifteen miles from Stone-Henge.

The uſe and origin of this work have been the ſubjects of various conjectures and debates; and much it is to be lamented, that a tablet of tin, with an inſcription, which was found here in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and might probably have ſet theſe points in a clear light, ſhould not be preſerved; for as the characters were not underſtood by ſuch as were conſulted upon the occaſion, the plate was deſtroyed, or at leaſt thrown by and loſt. The common tradition is, that Stone-Henge was built by Ambroſius Aurelianus. Some will have it to be a funeral monument

So truth, while only one ſupply'd the ſtate, 5
Grew ſcarce, and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words ſeal'd up with Ariſtotle's arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his throne,
And found a temperate in a torrid zone: 10
The feveriſh air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales ſet round with ſhady trees;
And guiltleſs men, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

raiſed to the memory of ſome brave commander; and others maintain that it was erected to the honour of Hengiſt, the Saxon general; but this ſtructure is probably more ancient.

Sammes, in the antiquities of Britain, conjectures it to have been a work of the Phœnicians; and the famous Inigo Jones, in a treatiſe called "Stonehenge Reſtored," attempts to prove, that it was a temple of the Tuſcan order, built by the Romans, and dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Terminus, in which he is confirmed by its having been open at top. Dr. Charlton, phyſician in ordinary to King Charles the Second, wrote a treatiſe called "Stonehenge reſtored to the Danes," attempting to prove that this was a Daniſh monument, erected either for a burial-place, as a trophy for ſome victory, or for the election and coronation of their kings. And ſoon after the publication of Dr. Charlton's treatiſe, Mr. Webb, ſon-in-law of Inigo Jones, publiſhed a vindication of the opinions of his father-in-law upon this ſubject. But antiquaries have ſince agreed, that it was an ancient temple of the Druids, built, as Dr. Stukely thinks, before the Belgæ came to Britain, and not long after Cambyſes invaded Egypt, where he committed ſuch horrid outrages among the prieſts and inhabitants in general, that they diſperſed themſelves to all quarters of the world, and ſome, no doubt, came into Britain. At this time, the Doctor conjectures the Egyptians introduced their arts, learning, and religion, among the Druids, and probably had a hand in this very work, being the only one of the Druids where the ſtones are chiſſeled: all their other works conſiſting of rude ſtones, not touched by any tool.

Dr. J. Warton.

Had we ſtill paid that homage to a name, 15
Which only God and nature juſtly claim;
The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd:
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies,
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes. 20
Among the aſſerters of free reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert ſhall live, till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe. 26
And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen,
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.

Ver. 25. *Gilbert ſhall live,*] Dr. William Gilbert was phyſician both to Queen Elizabeth and King James. In the year 1600, he publiſhed a very curious diſſertation on the magnet. Antiquarians are much divided in opinion concerning the æra of the firſt diſcovery of the loadſtone. The Chineſe boaſt of having diſcovered it many centuries ago, but did not apply it to any uſeful purpoſes. It is remarkable that Dante mentions it in the Inferno. But the Abbé Tiraboſchi, in his excellent Hiſtory of Italian Literature, vol. viii. p. 180, obſerves, that the moſt ancient work, after the poem of Guyot de Provins, in which any mention is made of the loadſtone in Europe, is in the Eaſtern Hiſtory of the Cardinal Jaques de Vitry, who died in 1224. It may be found in the 89th chapter of the Collection of Bongars. "Adamas in Indiâ reperitur—ferrum occultâ quadâm naturâ ad ſe trahit. Acus ferrea poſtquam adamantem contigerit, ad ſtellam ſeptentrionalem ſemper convertitur, unde valde neceſſarius eſt navigantibus in mari." We may obſerve, that this author attributes to the diamond the virtues of the loadſtone. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 27. *And noble Boyle,*] Every lover of ſcience, religion, and virtue, will perpetually venerate the name of the Hon. Ro-

The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food) 30
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,
Flies like the nimble journies of the light; 35
And is, like that, unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more. 40
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make ſtones to live.

bert Boyle, ſeventh ſon of Richard, Earl of Cork and Burlington, born in 1677, not only as being the founder of the Royal Society, for which he is here celebrated, but alſo for being the founder of a lecture, which has produced a ſeries of diſcourſes in defence of natural and revealed religion, which, for learning and argument, cannot be paralleled in any age or country. His brother, mentioned in the next line, Earl of Orrery, was a ſoldier and ſtateſman, and wrote eight tragedies in rhyme, now totally forgotten. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 30. *Whether life's fuel,*] The merit of the very important diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, has been denied to our illuſtrious countryman, Dr. Harvey. It has been by ſome aſcribed to the famous Father Paul. Dr. Wotton gives it to Servetus, who was ſo inhumanly burnt by Calvin. Sir George Ent, a celebrated phyſician, is the perſon mentioned, verſe 32. Dr. J. Warton.

Through you, the Danes, their ſhort dominion loſt, 45
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature, and their princely mien. 50
Our ſovereign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.
Theſe ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Wor'ſter's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place, 55
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.

Ver. 53. *Theſe ruins ſhelter'd once* &c.] In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stonehenge, to King Charles II. there is the following memorable paſſage, which gave occaſion to the ſix concluding lines of this poem. "I have had the honour to hear from that oracle of truth and wiſdom, your Majeſty's own mouth: you were pleaſed to viſit that monument, and, for many hours together, entertain yourſelf with the delightful view thereof; when after the defeat of your loyal army at Worceſter, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculouſly delivered you out of the bloody jaws of thoſe miniſters of ſin and cruelty."

DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *Watch'd by*] In ſurveying this ſtupendous work of the moſt remote antiquity, the mind is ſeized with that religious awe and ſuperſtition, moſt adapted to awaken and excite poetical enthuſiaſm:

——— quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, atque horror! Lucret.

His refuge then was for a temple ſhown:
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

From his mentioning the genius of the place, and the mighty viſions, one would have expected that our poet would have caught fire, and enlarged on ſo promiſing a ſubject; but he has diſappointed us, and given only a hint. Mr. Serjeant, in an elegant Ode on this ſubject, has ſhewn how ſuſceptible it was of true poetry; as has the author of the following Sonnet, which I cannot forbear to inſert in this place.

SONNET.

Thou nobleſt monument of Albion's iſle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's ſhore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons ſlain by Hengiſt's guile:
Or Druid prieſts, ſprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy maſſy maze their myſtic lore:
Or Daniſh chiefs, enrich'd with ſavage ſpoil,
To Victory's idol vaſt, an unhewn ſhrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repoſe the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here thoſe kings in ſolemn ſtate were crown'd.
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muſe on many an antient tale renown'd.

Dr. J. Warton.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

TO THE

LADY CASTLEMAIN*,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS

FIRST PLAY.

AS ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before;

* Mr. Dryden's firſt play, called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent ſucceſs. The lady, whoſe patronage he acknowledges in this epiſtle, was Barbara, daughter of William Villiers Lord Grandiſon, who was killed in the king's ſervice at the battle of Edge-hill, in 1642, and buried in Chriſt-church, in Oxford. This lady was one of Charles the Second's favourite miſtreſſes for many years, and ſhe bore him ſeveral children. 1. Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euſton and Duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, Earl of Northumberland; 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordſhire, afterwards Earl of Litchfield, and brother to Eleonora, Counteſs of Abingdon, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the King denied to be his.

This lady was, before ſhe was known to his Majeſty, married to Roger Palmer, Eſq. who was created Earl of Caſtlemain, by whom ſhe had a daughter, whom the King adopted, and who married with Thomas Lord Dacres, Earl of Suſſex.

The Counteſs of Caſtlemain was afterwards created Dutcheſs of Cleveland. DERRICK.

And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd muſe, by ſtorms long toſt, 5
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe could hope for by her happineſs.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe;
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd choſe:
But you have done what Cato could not do, 11
To chooſe the vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too.
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let merit crowns, and juſtice laurels give, 15
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe,
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow: 20
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright, 25
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;

Ver. 9. *Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe;*
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd choſe:]
Victrix cauſa deis placuit ſed victa Catone.
JOHN WARTON.

Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.
Your power you never uſe, but for defence,
To guard your own, or other's innocence: 30
Your foes are ſuch, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow:
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay, 35
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs, 40
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſex were ſung
By thoſe old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white, 45
Till poets dreſs'd them up to charm the ſight;
So beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes till ſhe came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You juſtly, madam, have diſcharg'd to me, 50
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying muſe.

EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

TO

MR. LEE,

ON HIS

ALEXANDER.

THE blaſt of common cenſure could I fear,
Before your play my name ſhould not appear;

Ver. 1. *The blaſt of common*] Every reader of taſte muſt agree with Addiſon, from whoſe opinions it is always hazardous to diſſent, that none of our poets had a genius more ſtrongly turned for tragedy than Lee. Notwithſtanding his many rants and extravagancies, for which Dryden ſkilfully and elegantly apologizes in ten admirable lines of this epiſtle, from verſe 45, yet are there many beautiful touches of nature and paſſion in his Alexander, his Lucius J. Brutus, and Theodoſius. So true was what he himſelf once replied to a puny objector: "It is not an eaſy thing to write like a madman, but it is very eaſy to write like a fool." When Lord Rocheſter objected,

"That Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Annibal a whining amorous ſlave:"

It ought to be remembered, that this is a fault into which the moſt applauded tragedians have frequently fallen, and none more ſo than Corneille and Racine, though the latter was ſo correct a ſcholar. Lee loſt his life in a lamentable manner: returning home at midnight, in one of his fits of intoxication, he ſtumbled and fell down in the ſtreet, and periſhed in a deep ſnow, 1692. Dr. J. WARTON.

For 'twill be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand, 5
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure: 10
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then, envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For, ſince I could not ignorance pretend, 15
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before: 20
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play 25
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf away.

'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high, to be expreſt; 30
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is your's, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art; 35
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow. 40
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe thoſe drones, who praiſe, while they accuſe 45
The too much vigour of your youthful muſe.
That humble ſtyle which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but ſtoop and take.

Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd. 50
But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty ſhews a maſter's hand.

EPISTLE THE FIFTH.

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT ESSAY

ON

TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian ſhore,
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.
The Grecians added verſe: their tuneful tongue 5
Made nature firſt, and nature's God their ſong.
Nor ſtopt tranſlation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home;

Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd world could yield before. 10
'Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhimes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance 15
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age. 20

Ver. 12. *Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhimes;*] The advocates for rhyme ſeem not to advert to what Servius ſays, that rhyme was uſed in the time of the Saturnalia by the Roman populace in their rude ſongs, and by the ſoldiers in their acclamations, and at their feaſts in honour of their victorious generals. We may apply to rhyme what Seneca ſays of the ſubtleties of logic, "Comminuitur et debilitatur generoſa indoles in iſtas auguſtias conjecta."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 14. ——— *and* tinkled *in the cloſe.*] Dryden adopts the contemptuous deſcription of rhyme from preceding authors, and thoſe of no mean note. Thus in Ben Jonſon's Maſk of *The Fortunate Iſles*, Skogan, the jeſter, is repreſented as a writer "in rime, fine *tinckling* rime!" And Andrew Marvell, in his ſpirited verſes to Milton on his Paradiſe Loſt, thus exclaims:

"Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
"With *tinkling* rhime, of thy own ſenſe ſecure."

TODD.

Ver. 19. ——— *Dante's poliſh'd page*] There is a very ancient Italian poem, entitled, *Aſpramonte*, containing an account of the war of King Guarnieri and Agolante againſt Rome

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſu'd their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd. 25
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey, 30
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an Eſſay;
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd, for nature to appear.

and Charlemagne; which, from the circumſtance of the ſtyle being a mixture of the Tuſcan with other Italian dialects, appears to be prior to Dante. There was an edition of it at Venice, 1615. It is become extremely rare, and is a great curioſity. It is mentioned by Quadrio in his Hiſtory of Italian Poetry. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 21. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] It was on the ſixth of April, 1327, that Petrarch fell in love with Laura, in the twenty-third year of his age. Paul Jovius reports, that it was a common ſaying in Italy, that Petrarch did not ſucceed in writing proſe, nor Boccacio in writing verſe. Few books are ſo entertaining as the Abbé Sade's circumſtantial Life of Petrarch, which contains alſo a curious picture of the manners and opinions of that age. It is pleaſant to obſerve, that Petrarch's Laura was allegorized to mean the Chriſtian Religion by one commentator; the Soul by another; and the Virgin Mary by a third. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] No reaſoning from the Italian language to the Engliſh about rhyme and blank verſe. One language (ſays Johnſon) cannot communicate its rules to another. JOHN WARTON.

Nor need thoſe rules to give tranſlation light;
His own example is a flame ſo bright; 36
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain. 40
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt,
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!
Their iſland in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow, 45
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring anceſtors were nurſt;
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight; 50
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part, 55
And not diſdain the inglorious praiſe of art!
Great generals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldier's hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer; 60

How he embellifhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his foftnefs, and his fenfe improves?
When thefe tranflate, and teach tranflators too,
Nor firftling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar ftand: 65
Rofcommon writes: to that aufpicious hand,
Mufe, feed the bull that fpurns the yellow fand.
Rofcommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Rofcommon, firft in fields of honour known, 70
Firft in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juftly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage, 75
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor facred Virgil's page;
Our Englifh palace opens wide in ftate;
And without ftooping they may pafs the gate.

Ver. 67. *Mufe, feed the bull*]
Jam cornu petat, et pedibus qui fpargat arenam.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 74. *Whom infus'd Titan*]
E meliore lutu finxit præcordia Titan. Juv.
JOHN WARTON.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF YORK*,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love;
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd, 5
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne,

* On the twenty-firſt of November 1673, the duke of York was married to the princeſs Mary d'Eſte, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handſome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the biſhop of Oxford. It was againſt the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman Catholic; and the Parliament addreſſed againſt it.

DERRICK.

Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way. 11
But now the illuſtrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form: 15
Some cry'd, A Venus; ſome, A Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate, 20
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come. 25
For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays, 30
And Love reſtor'd his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.

But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit, 35
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate: 40
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring, 45
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A

LETTER

TO

SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike, 5
From tropic e'en to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.

Ver. 1. *To you who live*] Sir George Etheredge gained great reputation by his three comedies, The Comical Revenge, 1664, She Would if She Could, 1668, The Man of Mode, 1676. The laſt has been deemed one of our moſt elegant comedies, and contains a moſt juſt and lively picture of the manners of perſons in high life in the age of Charles II. Having dedicated this comedy to the Dutcheſs of York, ſhe procured his being ſent ambaſſador to Ratiſbon, where he reſided when Dryden addreſt this epiſtle to him, and where, in a fit of intoxication, to which he was too much habituated, he tumbled down ſtairs and broke his neck. He had a daughter by Mrs. Barry, to whom he left ſix thouſand pounds. Dr. J. WARTON.

You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate; 10
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigor of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
" Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wond'rous merit ſure, 15
So far to go, ſo much t'endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came,
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent,
As far as Drake or Pinto went, 20
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry. 25
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labors full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine) 30
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee. 35
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much eaſe
As the French king through articles.

In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent. 40
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round; 45
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk. 50
Theſe Dutch delights, I mention'd laſt
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence, 55
For here you were your Excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat, 60
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd, 65

You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wife negotiation. 70
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will fay,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you fcarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce, 75
And you, whofe comic wit is terfe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearfal.
Then finifh what you have began;
But fcribble fafter if you can:
For yet no George, to our difcerning, 80
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

TO

Mr. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED,

THE WIVES' EXCUSE*.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign.

* The success of this play was but indifferent; but so high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of the last act of his Cleomenes; which, Southerne says, "when it comes into the world, will appear so considerable a trust, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it."

DERRICK

Ver. 1. *Sure there's a fate*] No two writers were ever of more dissimilar geniuses than Southerne and Dryden, the latter having no turn for, nor idea of the pathetic, of which the former was so perfect a master, and of which his Oronooko and Isabella will remain lasting and striking examples. But Dryden used to confess that he had no relish for Euripides, and affected to despise Otway. Of all our poets, Southerne was distinguished by three remarkable circumstances, for the purity of his morals and irreproachable conduct, for the length of his life, and for gaining more by his dramatic labours than certainly any of his predecessors, or perhaps of his successors.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Some very foolifh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to fenfe, or juft to wit:
And whilft it lafts, let buffoonry fucceed, 5
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itfelf, is of a nafty fcent;
But the gain fmells not of the excrement.
The Spanifh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a fingle fhow: 10
But let a monfter Mufcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haft not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thofe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but fo Terence writ. 15
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdnefs is made moral in thy fcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But reft fecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hifs'd,
But with a kind civility difmifs'd; 21
With fuch good manners, as the Wife did ufe,
Who, not accepting, did but juft refufe.
There was a glance at parting; fuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke. 25
But if thou wouldft be feen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:

The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, the immortal ſpring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign, 30
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

TO

HENRY HIGDEN*, Esq;

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;

* This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1693, called the Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot, which was damned, and he complains hardly of the ill usage; for the Bear-Garden critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed; and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorset: Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, and it was ushered into the world with several copies of verses. The audience were dismissed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it. *See G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets.* DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *The Grecian wits,*] The first edition of this imitation, dedicated to Lord Lumley, in quarto, 1690, is a very despicable performance, in short, eight syllable verses, with an affectation of Hudibrastic humour and diction, directly opposite to the statelinesS and majesty of the original. It was a disgrace to Dryden to prefix to it these commendatory verses in conjunction with Afra Behn and Elkanah Settle.

Curru servus portatur eodem.

Dr. J. WARTON.

At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail, perhaps; they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt. 5
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace and affectation, 10
Though foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And Satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage. 15
But your's, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone, 20
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd, 25
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.

Suppoſe I had the better end o'th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help the ill-natur'd world to laugh? 30
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that cure to you reſtore; 35
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate, 40
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

Mr. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED,

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:

Ver. 1. *Well then,*] To be able to write a good comedy evidently implies and pre-ſuppoſes an acquaintance with real life and living manners, a long commerce with the world, with much experience and obſervation. To produce therefore ſuch a comedy as the Old Batchelor, at only one and twenty years, was an extraordinary phenomenon. Dryden on its peruſal expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at ſeeing ſuch a firſt play. Dr. Johnſon thinks the idea of the comic characters might have been caught from a diligent peruſal of former writers. The chief fault aſcribed to it, as to all his other pieces, is a ſuperabundance and affectation of wit on all ſubjects and occaſions, and the univerſal confeſſion, that his fools are not fools indeed. In the next year, 1694, he brought out his "Double Dealer," which did not meet with the expected applauſe; and the year after his fertile pen produced Love for Love, in my humble opinion the moſt pleaſing of all his comedies. His laſt play, the Way of the World, was ſo ill received, that in deep diſguſt he determined to write no more for the theatre. The paucity of

Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood: 5
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.
Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude;
And boiſtrous Engliſh wit with art indu'd. 10
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length; 15
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe; 20
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.

Congreve's plays cannot but remind one of the multitude produced by the moſt celebrated ancients. Menander wrote one hundred comedies; Philemon ninety-ſeven; and Sophocles, according to Suidas, one hundred and twenty three tragedies.—There is ſomething very affecting in our old poet entreating his young friend at verſe 72, to be kind to his remains. He earneſtly complied with his requeſt, and with equal affection and eloquence placed his character in a very amiable light.

Dr. J. Warton.

Great Johnſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t'other for the ſtage. 25
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycherly. 30
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw 35
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became. 40
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe. 46

But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert. 50
Yet this I prophesy; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Though with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made; 55
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught. 60
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpear gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed. 65
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning the ungrateful ſtage;
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muſe and grace adorn, 70
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs: 76
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

TO

Mr. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRAGEDY,

CALLED,

HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign, 5
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.

Ver. 1. *Auſpicious poet,*] Though amiable in his life and manners, Mr. George Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdowne, was a very indifferent poet. A faint copier of Waller. The tragedy ſo much here extolled was acted in 1698, and is in all reſpects the moſt un-*Homerical* of all compoſitions.

Dr. J. WARTON.

With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honors of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt. 10
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age 15
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town, 20
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miſcal reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd; 25
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt. 30
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.

With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting-ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray, 35
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coaſt.
This difference yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee. 40

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND

Mr. MOTTEUX*,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED,

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage.

* Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addreſſed, was born in Normandy, but ſettled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a houſe of ill fame near the Strand, and was ſuppoſed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his Beauty in Diſtreſs is thought much the beſt of them: it was played in Lincoln's-inn-fields by Betterton's company in 1698. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *'Tis hard, my friend,*] No French refugee ſeems to have made himſelf ſo perfect a maſter of the Engliſh language as Peter Motteux. He has given a very good tranſlation of Don Quixote, which my friend, Mr. Bowle, preferred to more modern ones. By trading in a large Eaſt India warehouſe, and by a place in the poſt-office, he gained a conſiderable income. It was ſuppoſed he was murdered in a houſe of ill fame. He wrote fifteen plays; this of Beauty in Diſtreſs was acted in 1698. Dryden ſeems to have felt a particular regard for him.

Dr. J. WARTON.

That ſacred art, by heaven itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the muſes' foes 5
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common ſenſe they give the lye, 11
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy.
They give the ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loofely, or prophanely, writ, 15
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy. 22
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs; 25
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.

Ver. 19. *Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft,*] From 1 Sam. xv. 23. "For rebellion is as the ſin of witchcraft, &c."

TODD.

The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, intereſt, avarice, accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a tragic muſe. 30
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy ſee
The alliance of his Tripled Unity. 35
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare; 40
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch: 45
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign gueſt 50
Should over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.

In under-praiſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and ſo good a friend. 55

EPISTLE THE THIRTEENTH*.

TO MY

HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

OF

CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON,
ESQ.

HOW bleſs'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of ſtrife!
Who ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deſerve his love, he makes his own; 5
And, to be lov'd himſelf, needs only to be
known.

* This poem was written in 1699. The perſon to whom it is addreſſed was couſin-german to the poet, and a younger brother of the baronet. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *How bleſs'd is he,*] This is one of the moſt truly Horatian epiſtles in our language, comprehending a variety of topics and uſeful reflections, and ſliding from ſubject to ſubject with eaſe and propriety. Writing this note in the year 1799, I am much ſtruck with the lines that follow the 175th, as containing the ſoundeſt political truths. Dr. J. WARTON.

Juſt, good and wiſe, contending neighbors come,
From your award to wait their final doom ;
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe ; 10
And ſave the expence of long litigious laws :
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little won,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone :
Such are not your decrees ; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind : 15
Like your own ſoul, ſerene ; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife,
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife ;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight : 20
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made ; 25
So, farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!

Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down. 30
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate. 35
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought, 40
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores, and fruitful fields increaſe;
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs. 45
As Ceres ſow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champain ſports, or ſylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks; 55
Chas'd even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours: 60
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun, 65
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.
Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he,
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlippery thrones were plac'd;
And chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our ſires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.

The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade,
Pity the generous kind their cares beſtow 75
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know:)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt, and vindicates the prey. 80
What help from art's endeavors can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muſe. 85
Would'ſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:

Ver. 82. *Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:*
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, &c.]

Dr. Gibbons was a phyſician at this time juſtly in high eſteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, phyſician to king William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourne was a nonjuring miniſter. DERRICK.

But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men, 90
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught,
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend. 95
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wandering in the dark, 100
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
The apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take, 105
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, generous as his muſe, preſcribes and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood! 110
Let theſe obey; and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill;

He ſcapes the beſt, who, nature to repair, 115
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private uſe;
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care, 121
Which none more ſhuns: and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
To poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit?
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found? 126
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade; 131
And part employ'd to roll the watry trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give, 135
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.

And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need,
relies. 139
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade; 144
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war, in every annual courſe; 150
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdu'd, is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw the event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, though pretending arms, purſu'd the peace; 155

Ver. 152. *Namur ſubdu'd, is England's palm* &c.] In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a ſiege of one month. The garriſon retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honourable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this ſiege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king. DERRICK.

Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight: 161
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, 165
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare, as umpires of the peace. 170
A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor t'other overflow: 174
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode;
Like thoſe that water'd once the paradiſe of God.
Some overpoiſe of ſway, by turns, they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war: 181

Conſuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.
Patriots, in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubborneſs reſiſting might: 185
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandſire: free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe, 190
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.
O true deſcendent of a patriot line, 195
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good, as it reſembles thee:
The beauties to the original I owe;
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred muſes thy diſgrace: 201
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a houſe few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd; 205
And 'tis my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.

For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

EPISTLE THE FOURTEENTH.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:

Ver. 1. *Once I beheld*] Sir Godfrey Kneller was born at Lubec in 1648. Diſcovering early a predominant genius for painting, his father ſent him to Amſterdam, where he ſtudied under Bol, and had ſome inſtructions from Rembrandt. But Kneller was no ſervile imitator or diſciple. Even in Italy, whither he went in 1672, he followed no particular maſter, not even at Venice, where he long reſided. In 1676 he came to England, and was ſoon patronized by Charles II. and James. Ten ſovereigns at different times ſat to him: Charles II. James II. and his queen, William and Mary, George I. Louis XIV. and Charles VI. He ſtuck to portrait painting as the moſt lucrative, though Dryden in this very epiſtle inveighs ſo much againſt it. Of all his works he valued moſt the converted Chineſe in Windſor Caſtle. But Mr. Walpole thinks his portrait of Gibbon ſuperior to it. This epiſtle is full of juſt taſte and knowledge of painting, particularly what he ſays of Light, Shade, Perſpective, and Grace. It is certainly ſuperior to Pope's addreſs to his friend Jervas, though Pope himſelf was a practitioner in the art. Not only Dryden, but Prior, Pope, Steele, Tickell, and Addiſon, all wrote high encomiums on Sir Godfrey; but not one ſo elegant as that of Addiſon, who with matchleſs art and dexterity applied the characters of thoſe heathen gods whom Phidias had carved, to the Engliſh princes that Kneller had painted; making Pan, Saturn, Mars, Minerva, Thetis, and Jupiter, ſtand

True, ſhe was dumb; for Nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes. 6
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: ſuch thy ſkill,
That nature ſeems obedient to thy will:
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought. 10
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall; 16
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
And from their animated canvaſs came, 20
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire. 25

for Charles II. James II. William III. queen Mary, Anne, and George I. Sir Godfrey was a man of much original wit and humour, but tinctured with a mixture of profaneneſs and ribaldry.
Dr. J. Warton.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall, 30
Gave outlines to the rude original:
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colors found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face. 34

By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view: 40
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive, 45
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhime began to enervate poetry. 50
Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Ver. 50.] It is remarkable that he mentions rhime as one inſtance of barbariſm. Dr. J. WARTON.

Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight 55
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line: 61
One color'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign, 65
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colors join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight;
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;

Ver. 57. *Long time*] The art of painting expired in the year 580. It revived under Cimabue in 1240, but it was And. Mantegna who was born in 1431, and whoſe cartoons are at Hampton court, who was the firſt that revived a true taſte for the antique. Dr. J. Warton.

With reverence look on his majeſtic face; 75
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt. 80
Like his, thy critics in the attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy croud,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore, 85
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 95
Thou hadſt thy Charles a while, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.

Ver. 94. ——— *with Leo's gold*] Raphael flattered with his pencil. In his Attila, his Coronation of Charlemagne, the ſiege of Oſtia, and King Pepin, he has repreſented St. Leo, Leo III. Stephen II. and Leo IV. with an exact likeneſs of Leo X. Dr. J. Warton.

Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command; 100
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Though nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 105
So warm thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will. 110

But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own, 115
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world would ſtrive.

Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile, 120
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:

Our genius brought you here, to inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are every where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee. 125

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the examples of their wond'rous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine. 136
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera
Is to the living labor of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory. 140

But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live;
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink, 145
The ſenſeleſs idiot ſeems at laſt to think.

Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!

And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt! 150
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view; 155
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt. 160
For Time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colors, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey, 165
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES

AND

EPITAPHS.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike, 5
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlippery place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the race. 10
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?

Ver. 1. *Farewell, too little,*] This ſhort elegy is finiſhed with the moſt exquiſite art and ſkill. Not an epithet or expreſſion can be changed for a better. It is alſo the moſt harmonious in its numbers of all that this great maſter of harmony has produced. Oldham's Satire on the Jeſuits is written with vigour and energy. It is remarkable that Dryden calls Oldham his *brother* in ſatire, hinting that this was the characteriſtical turn of both their geniuſes.

To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive. Ver. 7.

Dr. J. WARTON.

It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine 15
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time 20
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around. 25

TO THE

PIOUS MEMORY

OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF

POESY AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU youngeſt virgin-daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,

Ver. 1. *Thou youngeſt virgin*] At length we are arrived at the Ode on the Death of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, which Dr. Johnſon, by an unaccountable perverſity of judgment, and want of taſte for true poetry, has pronounced to be undoubtedly the nobleſt Ode that our language ever has produced. The firſt ſtanza, he ſays, flows with a torrent of enthuſiaſm. To a cool and candid reader, it appears abſolutely unintelligible. Examples of bad writing, of tumid expreſſions, violent metaphors, far-ſought conceits, hyperbolical adulation, unnatural amplifications, interſperſed, as uſual, with fine lines, might be collected from this applauded Ode, ſo very inferior in all reſpects to the

Rich with immortal green above the reſt: 5
Whether, adopted to ſome neighb'ring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'ſt with the heaven's majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs, 10
Thou tread'ſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;

divine Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. But ſuch a paradoxical judgment cannot be wondered at in a critic, that deſpiſed the Lycidas of Milton, and the Bard of Gray. I have been cenſured, I am informed, for contradicting ſome of Johnſon's critical opinions. As I knew him well, I ever reſpected his talents, and more ſo his integrity; but a love of paradox and contradiction, at the bottom of which was vanity, gave an unpleaſant tincture to his manners, and made his converſation boiſterous and offenſive. I often uſed to tell the mild and ſenſible Sir Joſhua Reynolds, that he and his friends had contributed to ſpoil Johnſon, by conſtantly and cowardly aſſenting to all he advanced on any ſubject. Mr. Burke only kept him in order, as did Mr. Beauclerc alſo, ſometimes by his playful wit. It was a great pleaſure for Beauclerc to lay traps for him to induce him to oppoſe and contradict one day what he had maintained on a former. Leſt the cenſure preſumed to be paſſed on this Ode ſhould be thought too uncandid and ſevere, the reader is deſired attentively to conſider ſtanzas the third, ſixth, ſeventh, ninth, and tenth. In a word, Dryden, by his inequality, much reſembles another great genius, Caſimir, of Poland; who, in the very midſt of ſome poetical ſtrokes in his Ode on the Deluge, mars all by his uſual mixtures of Ovidian puerilities. After ſaying

——— vacuas ſpatioſa cete
Ludunt per aulas, ac thalamos pigræ
Preſſere Phocæ;———

Comes this idle conceit,

——— et refixæ
Ad pelagus *rediere* Gemmæ. Lib. iv. Od.

Maſon has too much commended an Ode of Caſimir on the Æolian Harp. Dr. J. Warton.

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine. 15
Hear then a mortal muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of Poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there: 20
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good; 25
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more, 30
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.

Ver. 33. *And was that Sappho laſt*, &c.] Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempſychoſis and ſuppoſing the ſoul that informs her body to be the ſame with that of Sappho's, who lived ſix hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muſe. Phaon, whom ſhe loved, treating her with indifference, ſhe jumped into the ſea, and was drowned. DERRICK.

If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore: 35
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth. 40
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high, 45
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſtering ſwarm of bees 50
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holyday above. 55

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above 60
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall? 65
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child. 70

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn, 75
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.

And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear; 80
Each teſt, and every light, her muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love ſometimes her muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream, 85
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government; 90
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd, 95
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify the offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament,

And all the large domains which the Dumb Sifter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wherefoe'er ſhe went. 105
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear, 110
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades, 115
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome, or Greece, 120
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore. 126

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with reverence ſtrook:
For not content to expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart: 130
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right: 135
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen, 140
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide. 145
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes; 151
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow, 155
To ſweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine, 160
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the ſeas 165
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion,
pays.

Ver. 162. *But thus Orinda dy'd:*] The matchleſs Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was author of a book of poems publiſhed in folio, and wrote ſeveral other things. She died alſo of the ſmall-pox in 1664, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance; but of great virtue, taſte, and erudition, which endeared her to the firſt people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Orrery and Roſcommon, Lady Corke, &c. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends. DERRICK.

Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come, 170
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar, 175
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground:
When in the valley of Jehoſophat, 180
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky; 185
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.

There thou, ſweet ſaint, before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below. 195

UPON THE DEATH

OF THE

EARL OF DUNDEE.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live; 5
Nor would'ſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewell, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

Ver. 1. *Oh laſt and beſt*] The conduct and death of this truly valiant chieftain is deſcribed with much eloquence and animation in his account of the important battle at Killikranky, by Sir John Dalrymple, in the firſt volume of his Memoirs. Dundee, being wounded by a muſket-ball, rode off the field, deſiring his miſchance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horſe; as ſoon as he was recovered, he deſired to be raiſed, looked to the field, and aſked, "How things went?" Being told, "All well;" then ſaid he, "I am well," and expired.

Dr. J. WARTON.

ELEONORA;

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM,

DEDICATED TO

THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honoured me ſome months ago, are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow, but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill: if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of

any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the god comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent, at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Chriſ-

tian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the deſcription, which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, The Pattern: and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you, while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured, after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands: and

perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to ingrave his own name, as author of the piece: ſo give me leave to hope, that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe, which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few, in Eng-

land, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and 'tis but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

*ELEONORA†:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blaſt 5
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;

* It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordſhip's own deſire. The lady whom the poem affects to praiſe, was one of the coheireſſes of Sir Henry Lee of Chicheley in Oxfordſhire, and ſiſter to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verſes. DERRICK.

† The Earl is ſaid to have given Dryden 500 guineas for this poem. TODD.

Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim, 10
Till public as the loſs the news became.
The nation felt it in the extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch, but when ſhe dy'd. 15
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call, 20
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.
Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloth'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe herſelf might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid: 25
And in few lives, in wonderous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of praiſe; the ſoul gave all;

Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear, 30
No leſs than heaven; to heap huge treaſures there.

Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle. 35
None could be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of the apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs; 41
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home. 45
As to ſome holy houſe the afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too. 51

Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for ought we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below: 55

Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heaven appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love 60
Were in as conſtant method, as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her prayers.
Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt;
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more. 70
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift 75
In his œconomy, and bounds his gift:

Ver. 59. ——————— *think it there,*
Where all the deeds &c.]
So the original edition points the paſſage. Derrick places a colon after *there*. TODD.

Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflection too ſupplies the night.
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky, 80
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice, 85
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe given more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd the exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.

Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity. 90
But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward ſhoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie, 95
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wife, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare.
For to be conſcious of what all admire, 100
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, other's to abound;

Aſcrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone. 105
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail, 110
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active life long oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was ſabbath; only free 116
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſt angels exerciſe above, 120
Vary'd with ſacred hymns and acts of love:
Such ſabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which ſhe employs,
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in heaven there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate prayer. 125
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in angels' lays;
For, praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All offices of heaven ſo well ſhe knew, 130
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new:

And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
  Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear, 136
Yet not the ſun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this watery glaſs:
Yet look not every lineament to ſee; 140
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light. 145
  Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the zodiac run; 150
Ever in motion; now 'tis Faith aſcends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.

Ver. 142. So lamely drawn, *you'll* ſcarcely know, &c.] Derrick. The original edition reads,

So lamely drawn, *you* ſcarcely know, &c.

TODD.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt; 155
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend, 160
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevailed, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſeveral parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occaſion but exerted that, or this. 165
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no crime accurſt; 170
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill 174
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love god, as author of our good; 180
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhou'd.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt, 185
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate:
When he to heaven entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before. 190
Yet as the ſoul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew; 195
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came. 200
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;

Ver. 180. ——— *author of our good;*
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhou'd.]
The original edition here rightly prints, for the ſake both of the eye and ear I ſuppoſe, *ſhou'd.* Derrick has *ſhould.*
TODD.

Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may ſuit.
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore; 205
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as every veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear; 210
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles: 215
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command; 220
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to the artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt, and kind:
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
'Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard: 225
With every act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.

Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
'Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;

For that was their perfection: ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare; 235
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take the impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend 240
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent, 245
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
To unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate, 250
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind. 256
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:

Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place; 260
Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and buſineſs well forgot.
This is the imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of the aſtronomer. 265
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.
Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind 270
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs, 275
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 280
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:

And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come. 285
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlip'd away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each compleat;
But every act ſtood ready to repeat. 290
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age, 295
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas ſhe. 300
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odour, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd; 305
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:

One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure. 310
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her: 315
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.

No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt. 320
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above 325
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.

Ver. 325. —— *deſcending* courier] The original edition by a laughable errour of the preſs—deſcending *courtier*.

TODD.

He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day: 330
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow 335
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation through the firmament,
Or, like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high, 340
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family: 345
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find

Ver. 341. *Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,*] Dryden perhaps had in memory his maſter's deſcription of ſpirits, Par. L. B. vi. 350.

"All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
"All intellect, all ſenſe ——" TODD.

From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaken in their love, 350
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain. 355
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.

Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar muſe: 360
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind: 366
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence. 370

Be what, and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relics, (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.

As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky, 375
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings
of thee.

Ver. 277. *For thou ſhalt make*] Our author owned he did not know the perſon on whom he wrote this long panegyric. This muſt be his excuſe for the coldneſs and inſipidity of the piece.

Dr. J. Warton.

ON THE DEATH OF

AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chaſe the flying prey, 4
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The fields, and curſt the ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace; 10
Wet were his eyes, and chearleſs was his face:
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promiſe of the day not only croſs'd, 16
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf is loſt.

Amyntas—oh !—he could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſs'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of nature, both his parents' joy. 21
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew: 25
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt.
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's ſoul.
Then thus he cry'd: The morn beſpoke the news: 30
The morning did her chearful light diffuſe:
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace;
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature ſmil'd, 35
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey: 40
Juſt like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt.
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd. 46
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on every look,
E'en Death repented he had given the ſtroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd. 50
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, 55
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my prophecy,
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains; 60
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!

Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below. 65

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold, he flies, 70
And every moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new-come gueſt admires the ætherial ſtate,
The ſaphir portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſſport which he brought along.
His paſſport is his innocence and grace, 76
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow;
For like Amyntas none is left below. 81

Ver. 81. *For like Amyntas*] This paſtoral is very unworthy of our author. Dr. J. Warton.

ON THE DEATH OF A

VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the firſt opening page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly, and ſo kind; 6
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promis'd ſuch a race. 10
We muſt not, dare not think, that Heaven began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd, 15
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:
Yet after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet durſt I gueſs, Heaven kept it for himſelf;

And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal, 21
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew 25
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none,
But the taint Adam left on every ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but the original forfeit of his blood: 30
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold 35
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love: 40
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon; 44
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Learn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore. 49

The flame's difpers'd, but does not all expire;
The fparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire. 51
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from thofe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he. 55

UPON

YOUNG MR. ROGERS,

OF

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents' only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date, 5
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing;
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And, liſt'ning, ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame: 11
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retired,
As he too late began. 15

We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew: 20
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along, 25
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice. 31

EPITAPH

ON THE

LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join, 5
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd. 10

EPITAPH

ON

SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB

IN

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age. October 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe. 5
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.

From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws; 11
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine. 15
Still nearer heaven his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames expanding in their height;
The martyrs glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe, 21
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

UNDER

MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,

BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The firſt, in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The next, in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature cou'd no further go; 5
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

Ver. 1. *Three Poets*] If any other proof was wanting of the high reſpect and veneration which our poet entertained of the ſuperior genius of Milton, theſe ſix nervous lines will for ever remain as a ſtrong and indiſputable teſtimony. They are a confirmation of an anecdote communicated by Richardſon, that, the earl of Dorſet, having ſent the Paradiſe Loſt to Dryden, when he returned the book, he ſaid, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." I cannot therefore be induced to think that Dryden himſelf would have been pleaſed with the preference Johnſon endeavours to give him to Milton, eſpecially after ſaying (in expreſs contradiction to Addiſon) that Milton wrote no language, but formed a Babyloniſh dialect, harſh and barbarous. He adds, that with reſpect to Engliſh poetry, Dryden

Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.

Milton moſt aſſuredly did not build his lofty rhime with coarſe and periſhable brick, but with the moſt coſtly and durable porphyry; nor would Dryden have thanked Johnſon for ſaying in

another place, that "*From his contemporaries he was in no danger; that he ſtood in the higheſt place; and that there was no name above his own.*"

The genius of Milton is univerſally allowed; but I am of opinion that his taſte and judgment were equally excellent: witneſs the majeſty with which he has drawn the figure of Satan, ſo different from what his favorite Dante had done, who was ſo likely to dazzle and miſlead him, and who has ſo ſtrangely mixed the groteſque with the great. Satan, ſays Dante in the Inferno, had a vaſt and moſt gigantic appearance; he ſtood up to his middle in ice, eagerly trying to diſentangle himſelf, and for that purpoſe violently flapping his huge leathern wings. He has three different faces, a livid, a black, and a ſcarlet one. He has ſix blood-ſhot eyes; three mouths that pour forth torrents of blood; and in each mouth he holds a ſinner. This is not, like Milton's, the figure of an archangel fallen. The Satan in the Davideis diſgraces Cowley. Dr. J. Warton.

ON THE

MONUMENT

OF A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DYED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED *.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celeſtial maid.
Preſerve, O ſacred tomb, thy truſt conſign'd
The mold was made on purpoſe for the mind:
And ſhe would loſe, if, at the latter day, 5
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace:

* This Lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble ſtone fixed in the wall, together with this inſcription: "Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of "Richard Frampton of Moreton in Dorſetſhire, Eſq; and of "Jane his wife, ſole daughter of Sir Francis Coffington of Fount-"hill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died after "ſeven weeks illneſs on the 6th of Septmber, 1698.

"This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her ſe-"cond ſiſter and executrix, in teſtimony of her grief, affection, "and gratitude." DERRICK.

So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul; 10
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd.
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light:
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within: 15
As through a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen.
And heaven did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies:
For marriage, though it ſullies not, it dyes. 20
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, ſhe ſcarce had more to know: 25
But only to refreſh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day, 30
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an hour to pray.

A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind: 35
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF

BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay. 5
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE

MONUMENT

OF THE

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

HE who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before,
Reſts here, rewarded by an heavenly prince; 5
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.

Ver. 1. *He who in impious*] He was a nobleman of great ſpirit and intrepidity, who withſtood in his magnificent caſtle of Baſing in Hampſhire, an obſtinate ſiege of two years againſt the rebels, who levelled it to the ground, becauſe in every window was written *Aymer Loyauté*. He died in 1674, and was buried in the church of Englefield in Berkſhire, where his monument with this epitaph ſtill remains. It is remarkable that Milton wrote a beautiful epitaph on the Marchioneſs his lady. It was the ſingular lot, both of huſband and wife, to have received the honour of being celebrated by two ſuch poets.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heaven confin'd in thee. 10
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate. 14
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

SONGS, ODES,

AND A

MASQUE.

THE

FAIR STRANGER*,

A

SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt,
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you deſcending on our plains, 5
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without controul
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

* This ſong is a compliment to the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth on her firſt coming to England. DERRICK

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms: 10
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay, 15
Yet kill us if you go away.

ON THE

YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave. 5

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts. 10

Ver. 6. *But Sunderland,*] This nobleman had certainly great and various abilities, with a complete verſatility of genius, and a moſt inſinuating addreſs; but he was totally void of all principles, moral or religious, and a much more abandoned character than Shafteſbury, whom it is ſo common to calumniate. He certainly urged James II. to purſue arbitrary and illegal meaſures, that he intended ſhould be his ruin, and betrayed him to the Prince of Orange. The Abbé de Longuerue relates, that Dr. Maſſey, of Chriſt Church, aſſured him, he once received an order from King James to expel twenty-four ſtudents of that college in Oxford, if they did not embrace popery. Maſſey, aſtoniſhed at the order, was adviſed by a friend to go to London, and ſhew it to the king; who aſſured him he had never given ſuch an order, and commended Maſſey for not having obeyed it; yet ſtill this infatuated monarch continued to truſt Sunderland.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave. 15

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign? 20

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech. 25

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn. 30

A

SONG

FOR

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in Man. 15

Ver. 1. *From harmony,*] The picture of Jubal in the ſecond ſtanza is finely imagined; but this Ode is loſt in the luſtre of the ſubſequent one upon this ſubject. Dr. J. WARTON.

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?
When Jubal ſtruck the corded ſhell,
His liſtening brethren ſtood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound. 20
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers, 35
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion, 40
For the fair, diſdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre: 50
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

Ver. 37. *Sharp* violins] It is a judicious remark of Mr. Maſon, that Dryden with propriety gives this epithet to the inſtrument; becauſe, in the poet's time, they could not have arrived at that delicacy of tone, even in the hands of the beſt maſters, which they now have in thoſe of an inferior kind. See *Eſſays on Engliſh Church Muſick*, by the Rev. W. Maſon, M. A. Precentor of York, 12mo. 1795, p. 218. TODD.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of ſacred lays 55
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour, 60
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

SONG.

FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA*.

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my grief,
In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;

* This ſong, written on the death of Captain Digby, has been given by Mr. Malone in his Life of Dryden, on account, he ſays, of its "not having been preſerv'd in Dryden's works, and being found entire *only in a ſcarce Miſcellany*, viz. Covent Garden Drollery." I muſt, however, obſerve, that the Song is printed entire in *New Court-Songs and Poems*, by R. V. Gent. 8vo. 1672, p. 78. In this collection the ſecond line runs thus:—

"In vain I have lov'd you, and *find* no relief."

The ſixth,

"*A* fate which in pity, &c."

The twelfth,

"My *fate* from your ſight, &c."

An anſwer from *Armida*, as ſhe is called, follows the Song in this collection; but it is not worth citing. The ridiculous parody on this Song in the REHEARSAL is too well known to require copying here. But the following ludicrous ſtanza, which I have ſeen in MS. and which is a coeval parody on Dryden's Song to Armida, deſerves to be cited:—

"Or if the king pleaſe that I may, at his charge,
"Juſt under your window be brought in a barge;
"Nay, 'twill be enough, as I died a brave fighter,
"If but to your window I come in a lighter;
"Or, rather than faile to ſhew my love fuller,
"I would be content to arrive in a ſculler;
"But if me theſe favours my fate hath deny'd,
"I hope to come floating up with a ſpring tyde.

Undone by your virtue, too ſtrict and ſevere,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me de-
ſpair:
Now call'd by my honour, I ſeek with content 5
The fate which in pity you would not prevent:
To languiſh in love, were to find by delay
A death that's more welcome the ſpeedieſt way.

On ſeas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is leſs than in hopeleſs deſire; 10
My death's wound you give, though far off I
bear
My fall from your ſight—not to coſt you a tear:
But if the kind flood on a wave ſhould convey
And under your window my body ſhould lay,
The wound on my breaſt when you happen to
ſee, 15
You'll ſay with a ſigh—it was given by me.

Armida is ſaid to have been the beautiful Frances Stuart, wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. Captain Digby was killed at ſea in the engagement between the Engliſh and Dutch fleet, off Southwold Bay, in 1672. TODD.

THE

LADY'S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay, 5
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft god of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf, and his mother, will mourn, 11
'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms: 16
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me!
As I from thouſand beauties more 5
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you ſpeak; 10
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain, 15
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

A SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
  But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
  I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire, 5
  My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
  I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
  Give me in poſſeſſing 10
  So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
    Love's my petition,
    All my ambition;
    If e'er you diſcover 15
    So faithful a lover,
    So real a flame,
    I'll die, I'll die,
    So give up my game.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief, 5
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live. 10
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch, that ſpeechleſs lies, 15
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

A

SONG

TO A

FAIR YOUNG LADY,

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
  So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
  And winter ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides 5
To make it Spring, where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
  She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
  To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die: 10
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
  A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
  And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
  Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
  And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC;

AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne: 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound:
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair. 15

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove, 25
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd: 30
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign
of the world.

Ver. 20. Dr. Burney has given a learned, full, and entertaining account of Timotheus, the muſician, in his firſt volume of his Hiſtory of Muſic, p. 405. Mr. Jackſon, whoſe taſte and feeling on the ſubject of muſic muſt be allowed to be juſt and exquiſite, cenſures Dryden for extending the powers of muſic over the paſſions, and affirms that pleaſure only can be excited.
Dr. J. WARTON.

The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around : 35
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod, 40
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod, 45
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ; 50
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain ; 55

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain. 60

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain. 65

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
ſlew the ſlain.

Ver. 56. *Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,*
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.]

"I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is, but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly aſk to be paid with pleaſure." Bacon.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 66. Suidas, tom. ii. p. 713, mentions the Orthian ſtyle in muſic, in which Timotheus is ſaid to have played to Alexander; and one Antigenides inflamed this prince ſtill more by ſtriking into what were called Harmatian meaſures. See Plutarch de Fortunâ Alexand. II. Orat. and Suidas in the word ἁρματειος, a ſtrain uſually played in the theatres when Hector was dragged at the chariot wheels, ὑφ' ἁρματος. Q. Curtius, lib. v. 67, gives a minute deſcription of the burning the palace at Perſepolis, when Alexander was attended by Thais. But it does not

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 70
And, while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good, 75
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltring in his blood;

appear in the accurate Arrian, lib. iii. cap. 18. that Thais had any ſhare in this tranſaction. Arrian, but more ſo Ariſtobulus, endeavoured to exculpate Alexander from the charge of frequent ebriety; but from a fragment of Menander, preſerved in the curious repoſitory of anecdotes, Athenæus, lib. x. p. 434, εν κολακι, he plainly mentions the drunkenneſs of Alexander as proverbial. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 73. The mention of this pathetic air reminds me of a ſtory of the celebrated Lully, who having been one day accuſed of never ſetting any thing to muſic, but the languid verſes of Quinault, was immediately animated with the reproach, and, as it were, ſeized with a kind of enthuſiaſm; he ran inſtantly to his harpſichord, and ſtriking a few chords, ſung in recitative theſe four lines in the Iphigenia of Racine, which are full of the ſtrongeſt imagery, and are therefore much more difficult to expreſs in muſic, than verſes of more ſentiment:

Un prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle,
Portera ſur ma fille une main criminelle,
Dechirera ſon ſein, et d'un œil curieux,
Dans ſon cœur palpitant conſultera les dieux.

One of the company has often declared, that they all thought themſelves preſent at this dreadful ſpectacle, and that the notes, with which Lully accompanied theſe words, erected the hair of their heads with horror. Dr. J. Warton.

Deſerted, at his utmoſt need, 80
By thoſe his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul 85
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below; 90
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred-ſound to move, 95
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble; 100
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;

Lovely Thais ſits beſides thee, 105
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair 110
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt. 115

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again: 120
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.

Ver. 114. *with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,*] Alexander, however inclined to hard drinking, as indeed were the Greeks, yet multiplied his debauches of this kind after he conquered Perſia, in which country the character of a drunkard was reckoned honourable, as may be ſeen in Plutarch's Sympos. lib. i.

Dr. J. Warton.

Break his bands of ſleep aſunder, 125
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around. 130
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band, 136
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due 141
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods. 145
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago, 155
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire. 160
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds, 165
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before. 176
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down. 180

Ver. 180. If Dryden had never written any thing but this Ode, his name would have been immortal, as would that of Gray, if he had never written any thing but his Bard. It is difficult to find new terms to expreſs our admiration of the variety, richneſs, and melody of its numbers; the force, beauty, and diſtinctneſs of its images; the ſucceſſion of ſo many different paſſions and feelings; and the matchleſs perſpicuity of its diction. The ſcene opens, in the firſt ſtanza, in an awful and auguſt manner. The amours of Jupiter are deſcribed in a majeſtic manner in the ſecond, with alluſions to Alexander's being flattered with the idea of his being the ſon of Jupiter and a god. But the ſweet muſician alters his tone in the third ſtanza to the praiſes of Bacchus, and the effects of wine; which inſpiring the king with a kind of momentary phrenzy and pride, Timotheus ſuddenly changes his hand, and in an air exquiſitely pathetic, particularly the repetition of the words *fallen, fallen*, &c. ſets before our eyes the fall and death of Darius, without a friend to attend him in his laſt moments. But the artiſt knowing how nearly allied Pity was to Love, reminds the hero of the preſence of his beautiful Thais, and deſcribes minutely the effects of his paſſion for her. He does not, however, ſuffer him long to loiter in the lap of pleaſure, but inſtantly rouſes him with deeper and louder notes, till he ſtaring around, Eumenidum demens videt agmina, with their eyes full of indignation, and their hair crowded with

hiſſing ſerpents, followed by a band of Grecian ghoſts, who demand vengeance from their leader, toſſing on high the torches they held in their hands, and pointing to the Perſian temples and palaces, urging him to deſtroy them with fire. Such is the unexampled combination of poetical beauties, of almoſt every ſort, in which this juſtly admired Ode abounds. No particle of it can be wiſhed away, but the epigrammatic turn of the four concluding lines. Dr. J. Warton.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free, 5
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy ſount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire; 10
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand, 15
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who do'ſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts; 20
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down. 25
Chaſe from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive, 30
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name: 35
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

Ver. 39. *Eternal Paraclete,*] This is a moſt elegant and beautiful little morſel, and one of his moſt correct compoſitions. Its poetry and piety aid each other. Dr. J. Warton.

THE

SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in ſight, 5
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS, *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back, which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear, 10
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back, 15
The world was a fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry. 20

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been. 25

CHRONOS.

Then goddeſs of the ſilver bow begin.

[*Horns, or hunting-muſic within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away:
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon. 30
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chaſe the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORUS OF ALL.

With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky, 35
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in it's prime:

CHRONOS.

Free from rage:

DIANA.

——— And free from crime:

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking, 40
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Then our age was in it's prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time. 45

[*Dance of* DIANA'*s attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire, 50
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green, 55
In woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Plenty, peace, &c.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around, 60
Sound a reveillé, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS.

Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree; 65
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner, 70
For things are as they were.

CHORUS OF ALL.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS.

Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care; 75
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS.

The world was then ſo light, 80
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, ſince the queen of pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag 85
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
[*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy wars brought nothing about;
[*To Mars.*
Thy lovers were all untrue. 90
[*To Venus.*

JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

CHORUS OF ALL.

All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chace had a beaſt in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about; 95
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntſmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

SONG

OF A

SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[*Muſic within.*]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHILLIS.

LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
'Tis he——'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS.

Hark! the winds war; 5
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar,
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue, 10
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?

Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can ſhoot ſo fair a light;
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown. 16

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS.

If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm. 20

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move, 25
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part

PHILLIS.

But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay——— 30

AMYNTAS.

At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

At worſt if he delay, &c. 35

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

*SONG,

IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

AH fading joy! how quickly art thou paſt!
Yet we thy ruin haſte.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We ſeek out new:
And follow fate, which would too faſt purſue.

See, how on every bough the birds expreſs,
In their ſweet notes, their happineſs.
They all enjoy, and nothing ſpare;
But on their mother Nature lay their care:
Why then ſhould man, the lord of all below, 10
Such troubles chooſe to know,
As none of all his ſubjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring ſound
Daſh, daſh, upon the ground, 15
To gentle ſlumbers call.

* I cannot forbear adding in this place, ſome beautiful little lyrical pieces of our author, which by being ſcattered up and down in his voluminous dramatic works, are, from their ſituation, not ſo much known and noticed as they ſhould be, but which contain ſome of the moſt muſical and mellifluous lines he has ever written. Dr. J. WARTON.

SONG,

IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I LOOK'D and ſaw within the book of fate,
When many days did lour,
When lo! one happy hour
Leap'd up, and ſmil'd to ſave the ſinking ſtate;
A day ſhall come when in thy power 5
Thy cruel foes ſhall be;
Then ſhall thy land be free:
And then in peace ſhall reign;
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG,

IN THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I FEED a flame within, which ſo torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis ſuch a pleaſing ſmart, and I ſo love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.

Yet he, for whom I grieve, ſhall never know it; 5
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes ſhow it.
Not a ſigh, nor a tear, my pain diſcloſes,
But they fall ſilently, like dew on roſes.

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the ſacrifice, as 'tis the fuel: 10
And while I ſuffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright me:
To be more happy, I dare not aſpire; 15
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONG,

IN THE FIRST PART OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

I.

WHEREVER I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is ſtill in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
My feet, of themſelves, the way find:
Unknown to myſelf I am juſt at her door, 5
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than, Phyllis too fair and unkind!

II.

When Phyllis I ſee, my heart bounds in my breaſt,
And the love I would ſtifle is ſhown;
But aſleep, or awake, I am never at reſt, 10
When from my eyes Phyllis is gone.
Sometimes a ſad dream does delude my ſad mind;
But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
How I ſigh to myſelf all alone!

III.

Should a king be my rival in her I adore, 15
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain :
O, let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phyllis again !
Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a deſart with her be confin'd, 20
And envy no monarch his reign.

IV.

Alas ! I diſcover too much of my love,
And ſhe too well knows her own power !
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour : 25
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phyllis, both falſe and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her power.

SONG, IN TWO PARTS,

IN THE SECOND PART OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

I.

He. HOW unhappy a lover am I,
While I ſigh for my Phyllis in vain;
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain! 5

II.

She. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the beſt of your fate,
In a hopeleſs eſtate,
To give o'er, and betimes to deſpair.

III.

He. I have tried the falſe med'cine in vain; 11
For I wiſh what I hope not to win:
From without, my deſire
Has no food to its fire;
But it burns and conſumes me within.

IV.

She. Yet, at leaſt, 'tis a pleaſure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched, and more;
And counts all your ſufferings her own. 20

V.

He. O ye gods, let me ſuffer for both;
At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:
I'll reſign up my breath,
And take pleaſure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die. 25

VI.

She. What her honour denied you in life,
In her death ſhe will give to your love.
Such a flame as is true
After fate will renew,
For the ſouls to meet cloſer above. 30

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT,

IN AMBOYNA.

WHO ever ſaw a noble fight,
That never view'd a brave ſea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights, and your nettings prepare;
Your merry mates cheer, with a luſty bold ſpright, 5
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The ſhouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with ſmall ſhot; 10
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 'tis the guns roar,
The neighbouring billows are turned into gore;
Now each man muſt reſolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell, 15
And culverins the paſſing bell.

Now, now they grapple, and now board amain;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadſide, the dice run at all,
Down comes the maſt and yard, and tacklings fall; 20
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She ſinks there, ſhe ſinks, ſhe turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld ſo noble a ſight,
As this ſo brave, ſo bloody ſea-fight!

INCANTATION IN ŒDIPUS.

TIR. CHUSE the darkeſt part o' th' grove,
Such as ghoſts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars rais'd, of turf or ſtone, 5
Will th' infernal pow'rs have none,
Anſwer me, if this be done?
ALL PR. 'Tis done.
TIR. Is the ſacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit: 10
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the ſun, 15
Anſwer me, if this be done?
ALL P. 'Tis done.
TIR. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proſerpine:
Mingle milk into the ſtream; 20
Feaſt the ghoſts, that love the ſteam:
Snatch a brand, from funeral pile:
Toſs it in, to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the ſun,
Anſwer me, if this be done? 25
ALL P. 'Tis done.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

CEASE, Augusta! cease thy mourning,
  Happy days appear,
God-like Albion is returning,
  Loyal hearts to chear!
Every grace his youth adorning, 5
Glorious as the star of morning,
  Or the planet of the year.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

ALBION, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended,
  Peace and plenty ſpread the ſails;
Venus, in her ſhell before him,
From the ſands in ſafety bore him, 5
  And ſupply'd Eteſian gales.
Archon on the ſhore commanding,
Lowly met him at his landing,
  Crouds of people ſwarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like peals of thunder, 10
Welcome, rent the ſkies aſunder,
  Welcome, heaven and earth reſound.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

INFERNAL offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condemn'd in ſhades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain; 5
Since pleaſures here are none below,
Be ill our good, our joy be woe:
Our work t' embroil the worlds above,
Diſturb their union, diſunite their love,
And blaſt the beauteous frame of our victorious foe. 10

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

SEE the god of ſeas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee
In thy paſſage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding, 5
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the watry plain.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

ALBION, lov'd of gods and men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,
Ceaſe thy ſorrow and complaining,
Thou ſhalt be reſtor'd again:
Albion, lov'd of gods and men. 5

II.

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven:
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented:
In thy age, when none could aid thee, 10
Foes conſpir'd, and friends betray'd thee.
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of heaven.

SONG,

IN KING ARTHUR,

Where a battle is ſuppoſed to be given behind the ſcenes, with drums, trumpets, and military ſhouts and excurſions; after which, the Britons, expreſſing their joy for the victory, ſing this ſong of triumph.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets ſound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain, 5
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will periſh for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languiſh in the ſound: 10
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our laſſes like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with ſpoils of the vanquiſh'd invaders. 16

SONG,

IN KING ARTHUR.

Man ſings. OH ſight, the mother of deſires,
What charming objects doſt thou yield!
'Tis ſweet, when tedious night expires,
To ſee the roſy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the field! 5
But when Clarinda comes in ſight,
She makes the ſummer's day more bright;
And when ſhe goes away, 'tis night.
Chor. When fair Clarinda comes in ſight, &c.

Wom. ſings. 'Tis ſweet the bluſhing morn to view; 10
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:
But ſuch cheap delights to ſee,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes, as well as we; 15
This is the joy, all joys above,
To ſee, to ſee,
That only ſhe,
That only ſhe we love!
Chor. This is the joy, all joys above, &c.

SONG,

IN KING ARTHUR.

TWO daughters of this aged ſtream are we;
And both our ſea-green locks have comb'd for thee;
Come bathe with us an hour or two,
Come naked in, for we are ſo:
What danger from a naked foe? 5
Come bathe with us, come bathe and ſhare,
What pleaſures in the floods appear;
We'll beat the waters till they bound,
And circle round, around, around,
And circle round, around. 10

SONGS TO BRITANNIA,

IN KING ARTHUR.

SONG I.

YE bluſtering brethren of the ſkies,
Whoſe breath has ruffled all the watry plain,
Retire, and let Britannia riſe,
In triumph o'er the main.
Serene and calm, and void of fear, 5
The Queen of Iſlands muſt appear:
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
The new created world began,
And birds on boughs did ſoftly ſing
Their peaceful homage paid to man; 10
While Eurus did his blaſts forbear,
In favour of the tender year.
Retreat, rude winds, retreat
To hollow rocks, your ſtormy ſeat;
There ſwell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat. 15

SONG II.

For folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
The ſhepherd's and the farmer's gains,
  Fair Britain all the world outvies;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
  Where pleaſure mixt with profit lies. 5

Though Jaſon's fleece was fam'd of old,
The Britiſh wool is growing gold;
  No mines can more of wealth ſupply;
It keeps the peaſant from the cold,
  And takes for kings the Tyrian dye. 10

SONG III.

Faireſt iſle, all iſles excelling,
  Seat of pleaſures and of loves;
Venus here will chuſe her dwelling,
  And forſake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation, 5
  Care and envy will remove;
Jealouſy, that poiſons paſſion,
  And deſpair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, ſweet complaining,
  Sighs, that blow the fire of love; 10
Soft repulſes, kind diſdaining,
  Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every ſwain ſhall pay his duty,
  Grateful every nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in beauty, 15
  Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for love.

SONG OF JEALOUSY,

IN LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

WHAT ſtate of life can be ſo bleſt
As love, that warms a lover's breaſt?
Two ſouls in one, the ſame deſire
To grant the bliſs, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find, 5
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſy!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy, 10
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect love:
In abſence, or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain. 15
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſy:
O Jealouſy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy, 20
Thou tyrant of the mind!

Falſe in thy glaſs all objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far;
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find 20
In only thee,
O Jealouſy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant of the mind! 24

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

RIVAL LADIES.

'TIS much defir'd, you judges of the town
Would pafs a vote to put all prologues down;
For who can fhow me, fince they firft were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well; in former days 5
Good prologues were as fcarce as now good plays.
For the reforming poets of our age,
In this firft charge, fpend their poetic rage:
Expect no more when once the prologue's done;
The wit is ended ere the play's begun. 10
You now have habits, dances, fcenes, and rhimes;
High language often; ay, and fenfe, fometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to th' plot.
And for furprife, two bloody-minded men 15
Fight till they die, then rife and dance again.

Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day:
But blame yourſelves, not him who writ the play;
Though his plot's dull, as can be well deſired,
Wit ſtiff as any you have e'er admired: 20
He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well; and knows,
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes;
Therefore, kind judges——

A SECOND PROLOGUE ENTERS.

2. Hold; would you admit
For judges all you ſee within the pit?
1. Whom would he then except, or on what ſcore?
2. All, who (like him) have writ ill plays before;
For they, like thieves condemn'd, are hangmen made, 5
To execute the members of their trade.
All that are writing now he would diſown,
But then he muſt except—even all the town;
All cholerick, loſing gameſters, who, in ſpite,
Will damn to day, becauſe they loſt laſt night;

All ſervants, whom their miſtreſs' ſcorn up-
braids; 11
All maudlin lovers, and all ſlighted maids;
All, who are out of humour, or ſevere;
All, that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN QUEEN.

As the muſic plays a ſoft air, the curtain riſes ſlowly, and diſcovers an Indian boy and girl ſleeping under two plantain-trees; and, when the curtain is almoſt up, the muſic turns into a tune expreſſing an alarm, at which the boy awakes, and ſpeaks:

BOY. WAKE, wake, Quevira! our ſoft reſt muſt ceaſe,
And fly together with our country's peace!
No more muſt we ſleep under plantain ſhade,
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold invade;
Where bounteous nature never feels decay, 5
And opening buds drive falling fruits away.

QUE. Why ſhould men quarrel here, where all poſſeſs
As much as they can hope for by ſucceſs?—
None can have moſt, where nature is ſo kind,
As to exceed man's uſe, though not his mind.

BOY. By ancient prophecies we have been told,
Our world ſhall be ſubdued by one more old;—
And, ſee, that world already's hither come.

QUE. If theſe be they, we welcome then our doom!
Their looks are ſuch, that mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our native innocence.

BOY. Why ſhould we then fear theſe, our enemies,
That rather ſeem to us like deities?

QUE. By their protection, let us beg to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.—
If ſo, your goodneſs may your power expreſs,
And we ſhall judge both beſt by our ſucceſs.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN QUEEN.

SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA.

YOU ſee what ſhifts we are enforc'd to try,
To help out wit with ſome variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were ſeen,
'Tis hard to find ſuch wit as ne'er has been:
You have ſeen all that this old world can do, 5
We, therefore, try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught nature with your practis'd wit:
Our naked Indians, then, when wits appear,
Would as ſoon chooſe to have the Spaniards here.
'Tis true, you have marks enough, the plot, the ſhow, 11
The poet's ſcenes, nay, more, the painter's too;
If all this fail, conſidering the coſt,
'Tis a true voyage to the Indies loſt:
But if you ſmile on all, then theſe deſigns, 15
Like the imperfect treaſure of our minds,
Will paſs for current wherefoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous hands their ſtamps they owe.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN EMPEROUR.

BY A MERCURY.

TO all and ſingular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus ſends ye greeting.
To all his ſons, by whate'er title known,
Whether of court, or coffee-houſe, or town;
From his moſt mighty ſons, whoſe confidence 5
Is plac'd in lofty ſound, and humble ſenſe,
Even to his little infants of the time,
Who write new ſongs, and truſt in tune and rhime:
Be't known, that Phœbus (being daily grieved
To ſee good plays condemn'd, and bad received)
Ordains, your judgement upon every cauſe, 11
Henceforth, be limited by wholeſome laws.
He firſt thinks fit no ſonnetteer advance
His cenſure, farther than the ſong or dance.
Your wit burleſque may one ſtep higher climb,
And in his ſphere may judge all doggrel rhime;

All proves, and moves, and loves, and honours too;
All that appears high ſenſe, and ſcarce is low.
As for the coffee-wits, he ſays not much;
Their proper buſineſs is to damn the Dutch: 20
For the great dons of wit—
Phœbus gives them full privilege alone,
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
Laſt, for the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,
They ſhould have power to ſave, but not to kill:
For love and he long ſince have thought it fit, 26
Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE

TO

SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL.

FOOLS, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
Are yet the great regalios of a play;
In which to poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt, which coſt them ſo dear:
Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs; 5
One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
But ſuch in plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade: 10
And when they have enough for comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye:
The poet's but the cook to faſhion it,
For, gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong; 15
None welcome thoſe who bring their cheer along.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TEMPEST *.

As when a tree's cut down, the ſecret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches ſhoot;
So from old Shakſpeare's honour'd duſt, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:
Shakſpeare, who (taught by none) did firſt impart 5
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonſon art.
He, monarch-like, gave thoſe, his ſubjects, law;
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonſon crept, and gather'd all below. 10
This did his love, and this his mirth, digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakſpeare's pen.

* Bonarelli, in his Filli di Sciro, has introduced a ſhepherdeſs in love with two perſons, like the alterations in the Tempeſt.
Dr. J. Warton.

The ſtorm, which vaniſh'd on the neighbouring ſhore, 15
Was taught by Shakſpeare's Tempeſt firſt to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did ſmile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted iſle.
But Shakſpeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durſt walk but he. 20
I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic ſupernatural things:
But Shakſpeare's power is ſacred as a king's.
Thoſe legends from old prieſthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed. 26
But if for Shakſpeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre ſhall want it more:
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forc'd to employ
One of our women to preſent a boy; 30
And that's a transformation, you will ſay,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect, in the laſt act, to find
Her ſex transform'd from man to womankind.
Whate'er ſhe was before the play began, 35
All you ſhall ſee of her is perfect man.
Or, if your fancy will be farther led
To find her woman—it muſt be a-bed.

PROLOGUE

TO

TYRANNICK LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly underſtood,
Makes poets ſtill conclude their plays are good,
And malice, in all critics, reigns ſo high,
That for ſmall errours, they whole plays decry;
So that to ſee this fondneſs, and that ſpite, 5
You'd think that none but madmen judge or write.
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
To impoſe upon you what he writes for wit;
So hopes, that, leaving you your cenſures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be: 10
They judge but half, who only faults will ſee.
Poets, like lovers, ſhould be bold and dare,
They ſpoil their buſineſs with an over-care;
And he, who ſervilely creeps after ſenſe,
Is ſafe, but ne'er will reach an excellence. 15
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full ſcope and ſwing.

But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loos'd the reins, and bid his muſe run mad:
And though he ſtumbles in a full career, 20
Yet raſhneſs is a better fault than fear.
He ſaw his way; but in ſo ſwift a pace,
To chooſe the ground might be to loſe the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but thoſe faults, which they want wit to make. 25

EPILOGUE

TO THE

WILD GALLANT,

WHEN REVIVED.

OF all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 'tis the beſt, ſo 'tis moſt hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may ſpy.
Humour is that, which every day we meet, 5
And therefore known as every public ſtreet;
In which, if e'er the poet go aſtray,
You all can point, 'twas there he loſt his way.
But, what's ſo common, to make pleaſant too,
Is more than any wit can always do. 10
For 'tis like Turks, with hen and rice to treat;
To make regalios out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow ſavages:
Nothing but human fleſh your taſte can pleaſe;
And, as their feaſts with ſlaughter'd ſlaves began,
So you, at each new play, muſt have a man. 16

Hither you come, as to ſee prizes fought;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is nought.
But fools grow wary now; and, when they ſee
A poet eyeing round the company, 20
Straight each man for himſelf begins to doubt;
They ſhrink like ſeamen when a preſs comes out.
Few of them will be found for public uſe,
Except you charge an oaf upon each houſe,
Like the train bands, and every man engage 25
For a ſufficient fool, to ſerve the ſtage.
And when, with much ado, you get him there,
Where he in all his glory ſhould appear,
Your poets make him ſuch rare things to ſay,
That he's more wit than any man i' th' play: 30
But of ſo ill a mingle with the reſt,
As when a parrot's taught to break a jeſt.
Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a ſhow,
As tawdry ſquires in country churches do.
Things well conſider'd, 'tis ſo hard to make 35
A comedy, which ſhould the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in deſpair to pleaſe,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of eaſe.
'Tis a land-tax, which he's too poor to pay;
You therefore muſt ſome other impoſt lay. 40
Would you but change, for ſerious plot and verſe,
This motley garniture of fool and farce,

Nor ſcorn a mode, becauſe 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like veſts, our gravity become,
Our poet yields you ſhould this play refuſe : 45
As tradeſmen, by the change of faſhions, loſe,
With ſome content, their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their ſtaple trade advance.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled. 6
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity. 10
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair. 15

You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their
ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher, 20
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel, 25
And, like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new. 30

EPILOGUE

TO THE SECOND PART OF

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

THEY, who have beſt ſucceeded on the ſtage,
Have ſtill conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonſon did mechanic humour ſhow,
When men were dull, and converſation low.
Then comedy was faultleſs, but 'twas coarſe: 5
Cobb's tankard was a jeſt, and Otter's horſe.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean;
Except, by chance, in ſome one laboured ſcene,
Which muſt atone for an ill-written play.
They roſe, but at their height could ſeldom ſtay. 10
Fame then was cheap, and the firſt comer ſped;
And they have kept it ſince, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no not Jonſon in his height, 15
Could paſs, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that theſe truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.

'Tis not to brand them, that their faults are ſhown,
But, by their errors, to excuſe his own. 20
If love and honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native language more refin'd and free.
Our ladies and our men now ſpeak more wit 25
In converſation, than thoſe poets writ.
Then, one of theſe is, conſequently, true;
That what this poet writes comes ſhort of you,
And imitates you ill (which moſt he fears),
Or elſe his writing is not worſe than theirs. 30
Yet, though you judge (as ſure the critics will),
That ſome before him writ with greater ſkill,
In this one praiſe he has their fame ſurpaſt,
To pleaſe an age more gallant than the laſt.

PROLOGUE

TO

AMBOYNA.

AS needy gallants in the ſcriveners' hands,
Court the rich knave that gripes their mortgag'd lands,
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment:
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch, 5
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them—the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you. 10
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold like, love him who does the feat:
What injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet, ſtill, The ſame religion, anſwers all:
Religion wheedled you to civil war, 15
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare:
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith—than you;

Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate;
And you, I take it, have not much of that. 20
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin, and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
How they love England, you ſhall ſee this day;
No map ſhews Holland truer than our play: 26
Their pictures and inſcriptions well we know;
We may be bold one medal ſure to ſhow.
View then their falſehoods, rapine, cruelty;
And think what once they were, they ſtill would be: 30
But hope not either language, plot, or art;
'Twas writ in haſte, but with an Engliſh heart:
And leaſt hope wit; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper, as would honeſty.

EPILOGUE

TO

AMBOYNA.

A POET once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the muſe's right;
So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortur'd fathers in his play.
To one well-born the affront is worſe, and more,
When he's abus'd, and baffled by a boor: 6
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do,
They've both ill-nature and ill-manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion;
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free, 11
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride;
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien, 15
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin:
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

As Cato did his Afric fruits diſplay,
So we before your eyes their Indies lay: 20
All loyal Engliſh will, like him, conclude,
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdued!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT

THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE *,

MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold, 5
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one, 10
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry
known.

* This prologue muſt certainly have been written for the King's company, which I ſuppoſe at this time might have opened their houſe in Drury-lane. The reflection caſt upon the taſte of the town in theſe three lines,

" 'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
" To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays,
" While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign:"

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the Siege of Rhodes, and other expenſive operas, and who now were getting up Pſyche, Circe, &c. DERRICK.

They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire: 15
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence; 20
That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate, 25
The extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo; 30
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:

Ver. 30. *Our royal maſter*] It is to be lamented, that after the fire of London, a magnificent theatre had not been built at the expence of the public, or of the King. Few princes have ſo much encouraged theatrical ſpectacles as Leo the Tenth. He ordered a magnificent ſtage to be erected, and actors to be brought from Florence to Rome, to act the Mandragola of Machiavel, though a moſt licentious drama, and abounding in the moſt ſevere ridicule on the popiſh ceremonies, particularly in Act V. Scene I. and Act III. Scene V.; yet this ſame pope, with that inconſiſtency that is to be found in almoſt all human

That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays, 35
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place 40
To theſe new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France, 45
Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.

characters, addreſſed a ſolemn brief to Sannazarius, thanking him for his famous poem, De Partu Virginis, and alſo Providence, for raiſing up ſuch a champion, at a time when the Holy Church was ſo violently attacked, and in ſuch danger.

Dr. J. Warton.

I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd——— 51
That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART *.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
To unbend, and to divert their ſovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey 5
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:

* Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the uſurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the Royal Family, being left unprovided for at the Reſtoration, they applied themſelves to different occupations for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the ſpeaker of this prologue, who had ſerved his Majeſty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital caſt, and in great eſtimation. DERRICK.

Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know. 10
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of chryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind, 15
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit: 20
That Shakſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipp'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye, 25
And, as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt. 31

Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make. 35
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what is extends.

PROLOGUE

TO

CIRCE *.

[BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear:
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit.
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand, 5
Will always chooſe to err on t' other hand.
They check him not that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day. 10
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;

* Circe was an Opera. Tragedy among the ancients was throughout accompanied with muſic.

Dr. J. WARTON.

But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome Slighted Maid. 15
Shakſpeare's own muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow, 20
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt;
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe, 25
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY

THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god, to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love; 5
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now, as a nymph, I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe with-
ſtand. 10
'Tis here that ſovereign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.

Ver. 1. *As Jupiter*] It was a ſiſter of the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, a maid of honour, and afterwards Dutcheſs of Tirconnel, celebrated by Grammont, that acted in the Maſque of Caliſto at court, 1675. Dr. J. WARTON.

You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make, 15
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit. 20
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe, 25
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine: 30
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

PROLOGUE

TO

AURENGEZEBE.

OUR author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to pleaſe himſelf than you;
And out of no feigned modeſty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it's worſe than what before he writ, 5
But he has now another taſte of wit;
And, to confeſs a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd miſtreſs, Rhime.
Paſſion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground: 10
What verſe can do, he has performed in this,
Which he preſumes the moſt correct of his;
But ſpite of all his pride, a ſecret ſhame
Invades his breaſt at Shakſpeare's ſacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage, 15
He, in a juſt deſpair, would quit the ſtage;
And to an age leſs poliſh'd, more unſkill'd,
Does, with diſdain, the foremoſt honours yield.
As with the greater dead he dares not ſtrive,
He would not match his verſe with thoſe who live: 20

Let him retire, betwixt two ages caſt,
The firſt of this, and hindmoſt of the laſt.
A loſing gameſter, let him ſneak away;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit 25
He ſhould not raiſe his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes fatten with the ſpoils of war:
All ſouthern vices, heaven be praiſed, are here;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear. 30
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign 'twas never of your growth;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange-trees, 'tis hous'd from ſnow.
There needs no care to put a playhouſe down, 35
'Tis the moſt deſart place of all the town:
We and our neighbours, to ſpeak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruined with expenſive war;
While, like wiſe Engliſh, unconcern'd you ſit,
And ſee us play the tragedy of wit. 40

EPILOGUE

TO THE

MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[BY SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view, 5
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company: 10
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.

Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call; 15
He's knight o' the ſhire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows. 20
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow:
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd, 25
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake. 30
As for his ſongs, the ladies dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet every man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE

TO

ALL FOR LOVE.

POETS, like diſputants, when reaſons fail,
Have one ſure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference grows, 5
Betwixt our fools in verſe, and your's in proſe:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly underſtood,
'Tis civil war with their own fleſh and blood.
The thread-bare author hates the gaudy coat;
And ſwears at the gilt coach, but ſwear's a-foot:
For 'tis obſerv'd of every ſcribbling man, 11
He grows a fop as faſt as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and aſks his oracle, the glaſs,
If pink and purple beſt become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays; 15
Nor likes your wit juſt as you like his plays;
He has not yet ſo much of Mr. Bayes,

He does his beſt; and if he cannot pleaſe,
Would quietly ſue out his *writ of eaſe*.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call, 20
By the fair ſex he begs to ſtand or fall.
Let Cæſar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who loſt the world for love!
Yet if ſome antiquated lady ſay,
The laſt age is not copied in his play; 25
Heaven help the man who for that face muſt drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with thoſe;
For ſhould you raiſe ſuch numerous hoſts of foes,
Young wits and ſparks he to his aid muſt call; 30
'Tis more than one man's work to pleaſe you all.

PROLOGUE

TO

LIMBERHAM.

TRUE wit has ſeen its beſt days long ago;
It ne'er look'd up, ſince we were dipt in ſhow;
When ſenſe in doggrel rhimes and clouds was loſt,
And dulneſs flouriſh'd at the actor's coſt.
Nor ſtopt it here; when tragedy was done, 5
Satire and humour the ſame fate have run,
And comedy is ſunk to trick and pun.
Now our machining lumber will not ſell,
And you no longer care for heaven or hell;
What ſtuff can pleaſe you next, the Lord can tell. 10
Let them, who the rebellion firſt began
To wit, reſtore the monarch, if they can;
Our author dares not be the firſt bold man.
He, like the prudent citizen, takes care,
To keep for better marts his ſtaple ware; 15
His toys are good enough for Sturbridge fair.

Tricks were the faſhion; if it now be ſpent,
'Tis time enough at Eaſter to invent;
No man will make up a new ſuit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a ſmall pretence, 20
To forage for a little wit and ſenſe,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next ſummer, Noſtradamus tells, they ſay,
That all the critics ſhall be ſhipped away,
And not enow be left to damn a play. 25
To every ſail beſide, good heaven, be kind;
But drive away that ſwarm with ſuch a wind,
That not one locuſt may be left behind!

EPILOGUE

TO

MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage: 5

Ver. 5. *When no man dies for love,*] One of the moſt remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy ariſes from the prevailing cuſtom of deſcribing only thoſe diſtreſſes that are occaſioned by the paſſion of love: a paſſion, which from the univerſality of its dominion, may juſtly claim a large ſhare in repreſentations of human life: but which, by totally engroſſing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble ſchool of virtue into an academy of effeminacy. When Racine perſuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his Phædra, "Why," ſaid that ſevere critic to his friend, "have you falſified the manners of Hippolitus, and repreſented him in love?" "Alas!" replied the poet, "without that circumſtance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?" And it may well be imagined, that to gratify ſo conſiderable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchleſs and affecting ſtory of Œdipus, by the frigid and impertinent epiſode of Theſeus's paſſion for Dirce. Shakſpeare has ſhewn us, by his Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cæſar, and above all by his Lear, that very intereſting tragedies may be

And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well, 10
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtle intereſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love. 15
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware. 21
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way; 24
And women fight, like Swiffers, for their pay.

written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau was miſtaken, when he affirmed——

——— de l'amour la ſenſible peinture,
Eſt pour aller au cœur la route la plus ſure.

The fineſt pictures of love in all antiquity are the Phædra, Medea, Simætha, ſecond Idyllium of Theocritus, and the Dido of Virgil; all of theſe pictures are of the effects of love in women; no deſcription of it in men, ſo capital and ſo ſtriking, has been given. The tenth eclogue of Virgil is but feeble in compariſon of theſe mentioned above.

Dr. J. Warton.

PROLOGUE

TO

ŒDIPUS.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian ſtate did guide,
And Greece gave laws to all the world beſide;
Then Sophocles with Socrates did ſit,
Supreme in wiſdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wiſdom differed not in thoſe, 5
But as 'twas ſung in verſe, or ſaid in proſe,
Then, Œdipus, on crowded theatres,
Drew all admiring eyes and liſt'ning ears:
The pleaſed ſpectator ſhouted every line,
The nobleſt, manlieſt, and the beſt deſign! 10
And every critic of each learned age,
By this juſt model has reform'd the ſtage.
Now, ſhould it fail, (as heaven avert our fear)
Damn it in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear.
For were it known this poem did not pleaſe, 15
You might ſet up for perfect ſavages:
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turned Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit 19
You ſhould ſuſpect yourſelves of too much wit:

Drive not the jeſt too far, but ſpare this piece;
And, for this once, be not more wiſe than Greece.
See twice! do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be adviſed; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run. 26
With ſome reſpect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four firſt councils for your creed.
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private ſpirit alone rely, 30
You turn fanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithſtanding all that we can ſay,
You needs will have your penn'orths of the play,
And come reſolved to damn, becauſe you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact, 35
The firſt play buried ſince the woollen act.

EPILOGUE

TO

ŒDIPUS.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous maſs from Greece;
A weight that bent even Seneca's ſtrong muſe, 5
And which Corneille's ſhoulders did refuſe.
So hard it is the Athenian harp to ſtring!
So much two conſuls yield to one juſt king.
Terror and pity this whole poem ſway;
The mightieſt machines that can mount a play.
How heavy will thoſe vulgar ſouls be found, 11
Whom two ſuch engines cannot move from ground!
When Greece and Rome have ſmil'd upon this birth,
You can but damn for one poor ſpot of earth:
And when your children find your judgment ſuch, 15
They'll ſcorn their ſires, and wiſh themſelves born Dutch;

Each haughty poet will infer with eaſe,
How much his wit muſt under-write to pleaſe.
As ſome ſtrong churl would, brandiſhing, advance 19
The monumental ſword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thouſand years
Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give, 25
And, in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is ſhown,
To praiſe his worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak ſtates each other's power aſſure,
Weak poets by conjunction are ſecure. 30
Their treat is what your palates reliſh moſt,
Charm! ſong! and ſhow! a murder and a ghoſt!
We know not what you can deſire or hope,
To pleaſe you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE

TO

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON,

REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE.

SEE, my lov'd Britons, ſee your Shakeſpeare riſe,
An awful ghoſt confeſs'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been
From other ſhades, by this eternal green,
About whoſe wreaths the vulgar poets ſtrive, 5
And with a touch, their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created firſt the ſtage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin ſtore,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without ſupply.
In this my rough-drawn play you ſhall behold
Some maſter-ſtrokes, ſo manly and ſo bold,
That he who meant to alter, found 'em ſuch, 15
He ſhook, and thought it ſacrilege to touch.

Now, where are the ſucceſſors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, ſhort-liv'd iſſues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be chriſten'd on the ſtage! 20
For humour farce, for love they rhime diſpenſe,
That tolls the knell for their departed ſenſe.
Dulneſs might thrive in any trade but this:
'Twould recommend to ſome fat benefice.
Dulneſs, that in a playhouſe meets diſgrace, 25
Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
The fulſome clench, that nauſeates the town,
Would from a judge or alderman go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
And that inſipid ſtuff which here you hate, 30
Might ſomewhere elſe be called a grave debate;
Dulneſs is decent in the church and ſtate.
But I forget that ſtill 'tis underſtood,
Bad plays are beſt decried by ſhowing good.
Sit ſilent then, that my pleas'd ſoul may ſee 35
A judging audience once, and worthy me;
My faithful ſcene from true records ſhall tell,
How Trojan valour did the Greek excell;
Your great forefathers ſhall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghoſt repine in vain. 40

PROLOGUE

TO

CÆSAR BORGIA.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.]

THE unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve, 5
Yet every fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms: 10

Ver. 1. *The unhappy man,*] Lee had ſo melodious a voice, and ſuch pathetic elocution, that reading one of his own ſcenes to Major Mohun at a rehearſal, Mohun in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and exclaimed, "Unleſs I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpoſe ſhould I undertake it." Yet it is a very remarkable circumſtance, that Lee failed as an actor in attempting to perform the character of Duncan in Macbeth, 1672. As did Otway in a play of Mrs. Afra Behn, entitled the Jealous Bridegroom. After this failure, the firſt wrote his Alcibiades, and the laſt mentioned author his Nero. Dr. J. WARTON.

Were there no fear of Antichrift, or France,
In the bleft time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Carelefs and qualmifh with a yawning face: 15
You fleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moft of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of fome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irifh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide, 20
Both for yourfelves, and all the world befide.
One theatre there is of vaft refort,
Which whilome of Requefts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night.
Up ftairs and down you run, as for a race, 26
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ftill is fed 30
By villains in your own dull ifland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To fhew you better rogues upon the ftage.
You know no poifon but plain ratfbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elfewhere. 35

They have a civil way in Italy,
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair. 40
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

PROLOGUE

TO

SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
"Dicitur et plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis."
But Æſchylus, ſays * Horace in ſome page, 5
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage:

* Succeſſit vetus his Comoedia, etc. i. e. Comedy began to be cultivated and improved from the time that tragedy had obtained its end, ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν, under Æſchylus. There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe, with ſome critics, that Horace meant to date its origin from hence. The ſuppoſition is, in truth, contradicted by *experience* and the *order of things*. For, as a celebrated French writer obſerves, "*Le talent d'imiter, qui nous eſt naturel, nous porte plutôt à la comedie, qui roule ſur des choſes de nôtre connoiſſance, qu' à la Tragedie, qui prend des ſujets plus éloignés de l'uſage commun; et en effect, en Gréce auſſi bien qu'en France, la Comedie eſt l'aînée de la tragedie.*" [Hiſt. du Theat. Franc. par M. de Fontenelle.] The latter part of this aſſertion is clear from the piece referred to; and the other, which reſpects Greece, ſeems countenanced by Ariſtotle himſelf [περ. ποιητ. κ. ε.] 'Tis true, comedy, though its riſe be every where, at leaſt, as early as that of tragedy, is perfected much later. Menander, we know, appeared long after Æſchylus. And, though the French tragedy, to ſpeak with Ariſtotle, ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν in the hands of Corneille, this cannot be ſaid of their comedy, which was forced to wait for a Moliere, before it arrived at that pitch of perfection. But then this is owing to

Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation: 10
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot, 15
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:

the ſuperior difficulty of the comic drama. Nor is it any objection that the contrary of this happened at Rome. For the Romans, when they applied themſelves in earneſt to the ſtage, had not to invent, but to imitate, or rather *tranſlate*, the perfect models of Greece. And it chanced, for reaſons which I ſhall not ſtay to deduce, that their poets had better ſucceſs in copying their *comedy* than *tragedy*.

The two happieſt ſubjects, ſaid Fontenelle, for tragedy, and comedy among the moderns, are the Cid, and l'Ecole des Femmes. But unluckily, the reſpective authors that wrote on each, were not arrived at the full force of their geniuſes when they treated theſe ſubjects. Events that have actually happened, are, after all, the propereſt ſubjects for poetry. The beſt eclogue of Virgil †, the beſt ode of Horace ‡, are founded on real incidents. If we briefly caſt our eyes over the moſt intereſting and affecting ſtories, ancient or modern, we ſhall find that they are ſuch, as however adorned and a little diverſified, are yet grounded on true hiſtory, and on real matters of fact. Such, for inſtance, among the ancients, are the ſtories of Joſeph, of Œdipus, the Trojan war, and its conſequences, of Virginia and the Horatii; ſuch, among the moderns, are the ſtories of King Lear, the Cid, Romeo and Juliet, and Oronooko. The ſeries of events contained in theſe ſtories, ſeem far to ſurpaſs the utmoſt powers of human imagination. In the beſt conducted fiction, ſome mark of improbability and incoherence will ſtill appear.

Dr. J. Warton.

† The Firſt. ‡ Ode xiii. lib. ii.

Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt, the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart. 20
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down, 25
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration. 30

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch,
With city-gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech, 5
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope, 10
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings. 15
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains; 20
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.

Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water muſe: 25
A meal of tragedy would make ye ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhime;
If theſe ſhould fail— 30
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muſe, whoſe rhimes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd, 5
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe. 10
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to the old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear, 15
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here:

Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives would bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth 21
The Sibyl's books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, 25
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe. 30

PROLOGUE

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE,

AFTER HIS

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away, 5
And ſtars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year. 10
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.

Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place: 15
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the croud:
Truth ſpeaks too low; Hypocriſy too loud.
Let them be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs.
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at heaven's White-hall, 21
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more. 25
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's power in rigor is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend; 30
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The croud to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhower. 35
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!

Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heaven, that could conſtrain us to obey, 40
(With reverence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſovereign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

EARL OF ESSEX.

[BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

WHEN firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curſe the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw;
The dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace. 6
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger of love: 10
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.

Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new, 14
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree? 20
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain, 25
Is but to enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy. 30
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conſpire, and every tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

AN

EPILOGUE

FOR THE

KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor, 5
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine, 10
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes nine.
The comet, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-houſe earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin third-days. 15

'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's prefs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid 20
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town. 25
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhimes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe, 30
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame, 35
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

LOYAL BROTHER*:

OR,

THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate. 5
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:

* The Loyal Brother, or the Perſian Prince, Mr. Southerne's firſt play, was acted at Drury-lane in 1682; a time in which the Tory intereſt, after long ſtruggles, carried all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective againſt the Whigs. DERRICK.

But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence; 10
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds, that fright beaſts of prey. 15
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that would be till next queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Ver. 18. ——— *queen Beſs's night:*] At the King's-head tavern, the corner of Chancery-lane, and oppoſite the Inner-Temple-gate, the principal opponents to the court-meaſures and the chiefs of the Whig party aſſembled, under the name of the King's-head Club, and afterwards the Green-ribbon Club, from ribbons of that colour which they wore in their hats. Here they ſubſcribed a guinea a-piece for a bonfire, in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on the 17th of November, being the anniverſary of Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary pomp; for it was heretofore an annual ceremony, uſually made without any remarkable parade. The proceſſion now conſiſted of one repreſenting the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on a horſe, with a perſon preceding it ringing a bell, to remind people of his murder: then followed a mob of fellows, dreſſed like carmelites, jeſuits, biſhops, cardinals, &c. and ſeveral boys with incenſe-pots ſurrounding an image of the pope, with that of the devil juſt behind him,

"Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn cart."

In this manner they marched from Biſhopſgate to the corner of Chancery-lane, where they committed the inoffenſive effigies to the flames; while the balconies and windows of the King's-head were filled with people of conſequence, who countenanced

Sir Edmondbury firſt, in woful wife, 20
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire: 25
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore; 30
For few take pity on an old caſt whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza 35
The mitred poppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!

the tumult; which, the Hon. Roger North ſays, ſtruck a terror upon people's ſpirits. The year of acting the play, to which we have here a prologue, great additions, alterations, and expenſive improvements, were intended to be made in this proceſſion, which was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the ſheriffs of the city; Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the ſtreets all day and the beſt part of the night. DERRICK.

He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king.
A needful cry in midst of such alarms, 41
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the devil ends. 45
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,
Come, let's go cry, God save him, at Whitehall?
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him ere the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd; 50
But not the whole church-militant in croud.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

KING AND QUEEN,

UPON THE

UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny scribes take care to inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators: 5
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more. 9

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property. 15

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling: 20
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this, call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains, 25
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write 'em. 30

We'll take no blundering verſe, no fuſtian tumour,
No dribling love, from this or that preſumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd; 35
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We've given you Tragedies, all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather; 40
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig ſheriffs may hang together.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece*, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit, 5
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage, 10
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.

* Plato ſent a copy of the Plutus of Ariſtophanes to Dionyſius the king of Sicily, telling him that from this play and the other comedies of Ariſtophanes, he might learn the nature of the Athenian republic. Dr. J. WARTON.

As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind. 15
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own. 21
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learned in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man; 25
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen 30
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.

Ver. 25. *Studies with care the anatomy of man*;] "Créer un ſujet; inventer un nœud et un dénouement; donner a chaque perſonnage ſon charactere, et le ſoutenir; faire en ſorte qu' aucun d' eux ne paraiſſe et ne ſorte ſans une raiſon ſentie de tous les ſpectateurs; ne laiſſer jamais le theatre vuide; faire dire a chacun ce qu'il doit dire; avec nobleſſe ſans enflure, avec ſimplicitè ſans baſſeſſe; faire de beaux vers qui ne ſentent point le poete, et tels que le perſonnage aurait dû en faire, s'il parlait en vers; c'eſt-là une partie des devoirs que tout auteur d'une tragedie doit remplir." Dr. J. Warton.

Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance. 35
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands, 41
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit, 45
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from the infected town:
Heaven for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit 5
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French * troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind. 10

* In a very old French myſtery acted at Paris, 1490, in order to render the character of Judas more deteſtable, the author affirms, that before he became acquainted with Chriſt, he had aſſaſſinated the ſon of his king, had afterwards murdered his father, and married his mother. Dr. J. WARTON.

The Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in, 15
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb, 21
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profeſt; 25
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town, 30

Ver. 11. *The* Italian] Apoſtolo Zeno had made a collection of four thouſand old Italian tragedies and comedies. I Simillimi of Triſſino, wrote in his old age, is an imitation of the Menœchmi of Plautus. See Triſſino's fine letter in blank verſe prefixed to Sophoniſba addreſſed to Leo X.

Dr J. Warton.

Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of fa-
ſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own. 35
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have
prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD,

BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns, and courts can never know, 5
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs. 10
Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides 15
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:

Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd. 20
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such antient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts. 25
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own. 30
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed, 5
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean, 10
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhime. 15

Tack but a copper-lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care 20
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe, 25
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre: 30
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrollers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve, 35
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt:
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poet's wit, and trade in ore, 5
Like thoſe, who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:

Ver. 8. ——— *why, our poems take :*] The pleaſure properly to be expected from a good tragedy is "the pleaſure that ariſes from pity and terror." Has Pope in the firſt lines of his famous prologue to Cato touched on this pleaſure? or made this the eſſential buſineſs of tragedy? It is obſervable that in Greece the Drama was perfected in half a century; in Europe it took up 400 years to bring it to any perfection. Ariſtotle in the poetics, complains of the effeminacy of the Athenian taſte, in forcing their poets to ſoften ſome of their moſt ſtriking cataſtrophes, and diminiſhing the terror and το φοβερον of their pieces. In the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, Deianira utters a ſentiment that was Solon's years *before* Solon lived. Sophocles alſo uſes the word ψηφιζειν, long before it was framed at Athens. But the deſcription of the chariot-race at the Iſthmian games is the greateſt anachroniſm. Dr. J. WARTON.

Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether the applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly 11
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write, 15
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould not. 20
Nature herſelf lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
But, by the ſacred genius of this place, 25
By every Muſe, by each domeſtic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations ſued to be made free of Rome: 30
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.

If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be, 35
Than his own mother-univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

FULL twenty years and more, our labouring ſtage
Has loſt, on this incorrigible age:
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have ſeem'd to laſh ye, even to excoriation; 4
But ſtill no ſign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
Like beating nut-trees, makes a larger crop?
'Faith, we'll e'en ſpare our pains! and, to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you. 10
Satire was once your phyſic, wit your food;
One nouriſh'd not, and t'other drew no blood:
We now preſcribe, like doctors in deſpair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do, 15
Here's julep-dance, ptiſan of ſong and ſhow:

Give you ſtrong ſenſe, the liquour is too heady;
You're come to farce,—that's aſſes milk,—already.
Some hopeful youths there are, of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if heaven think fit;
Sound may ſerve ſuch, ere they to ſenſe are grown, 21
Like leading-ſtrings, till they can walk alone.
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance, know,
The wiſe Italians firſt invented ſhow;
Thence into France the noble pageant paſt: 25
'Tis England's credit to be cozen'd laſt.
Freedom and zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were ſo cheaply fool'd before:
We bring you change, to humour your diſeaſe; 30
Change for the worſe has ever uſed to pleaſe:
Then, 'tis the mode of France; without whoſe rules,
None muſt preſume to ſet up here for fools.
In France, the oldeſt man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the tunes ſo long,
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with every ſong: 36
Each ſings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarſe voice, half harmony, half pox.

Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,
They ſhow themſelves good ſubjects by their
ſinging: 40
On that condition, ſet up every throat;
You whigs may ſing, for you have chang'd your
note.
Cits and citeſſes, raiſe a joyful ſtrain,
'Tis a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to reſtoring, 45
And get by ſinging, what you loſt by roaring.

EPILOGUE

TO

ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

AFTER our Æſop's fable ſhown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feign'd Zeal, you ſaw, ſet out the ſpeedier pace;
But the laſt heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known; 5
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.
When heaven made man, to ſhow the work divine,
Truth was his image, ſtamped upon the coin:
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he ſays and does he ſtamps his mind: 10
This proves a ſoul without alloy, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, ſhould every touch endure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be ſo throughly valiant,—to be true!
The name of great, let other kings affect: 15
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.

His ſubjects know him now, and truſt him more
Than all their kings, and all their laws before.
What ſafety could their public acts afford?
Thoſe he can break; but cannot break his word. 20
So great a truſt to him alone was due;
Well have they truſted whom ſo well they knew.
The ſaint, who walked on waves, ſecurely trod,
While he believed the beck'ning of his God;
But when his faith no longer bore him out, 25
Began to ſink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'Tis of our growth, to be ſincerely plain.
To excel in truth we loyally may ſtrive,
Set privilege againſt prerogative: 30
He plights his faith, and we believe him juſt;
His honour is to promiſe, ours to truſt.
Thus Britain's baſis on a word is laid,
As by a word the world itſelf was made.

PROLOGUE

TO

* ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED:

[BY LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ;]

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

WITH ſickly actors and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays, nor new adorn.
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite, 5
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight †;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;

* This tragedy was firſt acted at Blackfryars in 1639, and revived with ſucceſs in 1690. DERRICK.

† The ſtory of Moliere reading his plays to his old ſervant (Le Furet) to ſee what effect they would have on her, is well known. But it is not ſo much known, that when he read over a new piece to the comedians, he uſed to deſire them to bring their children with them, that he might ſee how they looked, and what notice they took of any paſſages.

The famous naturaliſt Rohault, was the perſon from whom Moliere drew the character of the philoſopher he has introduced

Or ſee ſome ſerious piece, which we preſume
Is fall'n from ſome incomparable plume; 10
And therefore, Meſſieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preſerve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or aſk you why you like them? they are French.
Therefore ſome go with courteſy exceeding, 15
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhow their breeding:
Each lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the jeſt.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us Engliſh were to clap the play: 20
Civil, egad! our hoſpitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wiſh for your own ſakes, without a ſatire,
You'd leſs good breeding, or had more good-nature. 26

in his Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Moliere was intimately acquainted with him. Moliere even borrowed the hat that Rohault commonly wore, and which was of an uncommon ſize, and intended to produce it upon the ſtage, but his friend diſcovered his deſign, and took it out of his hands. Ben Jonſon is ſaid to have known perſonally a man who could not bear any noiſe, from whom he exactly copied his character of Moroſe.

Dr. J. Warton.

PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN.

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

THE judge remov'd, though he's no more my lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may caſt poets write; there's no pretenſion
To argue loſs of wit, from loſs of penſion.
Your looks are chearful; and in all this place 5
I ſee not one that wears a damning face.
The Britiſh nation is too brave, to ſhow
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquiſh'd foe.
At laſt be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring.
Suppoſe our poet was your foe before, 11
Yet now, the buſineſs of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian; 15
And you well know, a play's of no religion.

Take good advice, and pleaſe yourſelves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another glaſs: 20
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him ſtill Moſt Chriſtian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the reſt is purely from this noddle. 25
You have ſeen young ladies at the ſenate-door
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legiſlators were,
Their cauſe went ne'er the worſe for being fair.
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring; 30
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature;
That he, for once, would ſheath his cutting ſatire.
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The ſacred names of fops and beaus profane. 35
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with ſtatutes neither;
Be kind; and do not ſet your teeth together,
To ſtretch the laws, as coblers do their leather. 40
Horſes by Papiſts are not to be ridden,
But ſure the Muſes' horſe was ne'er forbidden;

For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound;
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing: 45
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

*PROLOGUE

TO THE

PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Noſtradame, with all his art can gueſs
The fate of our approaching Prophateſs?

* The Prophateſs, or the Hiſtory of Dioclefian, was revived in 1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden, as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, afferts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorſet, then Lord Chamberlain, after the firſt day of its being ſpoken. King William was at this time profecuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in thefe lines:

"'Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return;
"And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
"His firkin butter, and his uſquebaugh."

"This prologue," ſays Colley Cibber in his Apology, "had "ſome familiar metaphorical ſneers at the Revolution itſelf; "and as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was leſs "pardonable.

"Go conquerors of your male and female foes,
"Men without hearts, and women without hoſe."

DERRICK.

A play, which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view 5
Our diſtant gains; and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe. 10
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow ſated, ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men, e'en ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes: 15
They riſe three ſtories in their towering dreſs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er. 20
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your ſilver goes, that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our ſtage to mourn;
'Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return; 26
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.

Each bring his love a Bogland captive home; 31
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious Muſes pay their vows, 35
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights;
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat; 45
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe. 51

PROLOGUE

TO THE

*MISTAKES.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, ſnivelling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

HOLD your prating to the audience: here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or ſomething like one: O here he comes

* The Miſtakes, or Falſe Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, ſpoiled by Joſeph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690. DERRICK.

to his tryal, at all adventures; for my part I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

SAVE ye, ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly. 5
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verſes' feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork. 10
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things; even of wit.

He's no high-flyer; he makes no ſky-rockets,
His ſquibs are only levell'd at your pockets. 16
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now a word or two in ſober ſadneſs. 20
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price; juſt half a crown.
You'll ſay, I play the pimp, on my friend's ſcore;
But ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before. 25
How's this, you cry? an actor write? we know it;
But Shakſpeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age, 30
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our buſineſs here: 35
So much for that; and the devil take ſmall beer.

PROLOGUE

TO

KING ARTHUR,

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

SURE there's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
When ſilly plays ſo ſavourily go down;
As, when clipt money paſſes, 'tis a ſign
A nation is not over-ſtock'd with coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own defence, 5
Can write juſt level to your humble ſenſe;
Who higher than your pitch can never go;
And, doubtleſs, he muſt creep, who writes below.
So have I ſeen, in hall of knight, or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long ſhovel-board; 10
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks,
Secur'd by weakneſs not to reach the box.
A feeble poet will his buſineſs do,
Who, ſtraining all he can, comes up to you:
For, if you like yourſelves, you like him too.

An ape his own dear image will embrace; 16
An ugly beau adores a hatchet face:
So, ſome of you, on pure inſtinct of nature,
Are led, by kind, to admire your fellow creature.
In fear of which, our houſe has ſent this day,
To inſure our new-built veſſel, call'd a play; 21
No ſooner nam'd, than one cries out,—Theſe ſtagers
Come in good time, to make more work for wagers.
The town divides, if it will take or no;
The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too;
A ſign they have but little elſe to do. 26
Bets, at the firſt, were fool-traps; where the wiſe,
Like ſpiders, lay in ambuſh for the flies:
But now they're grown a common trade for all, 29
And actions by the new-book riſe and fall;
Wits, cheats, and fops, are free of wager-hall.
One policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another, nearer home, ſets up for Paris.
Our bets, at laſt, would even to Rome extend,
But that the pope has prov'd our truſty friend.
Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money, 36
Could we inſure another Ottoboni.
Among the reſt there are a ſharping ſet,
That pray for us, and yet againſt us bet.

Sure heaven itſelf is at a loſs to know 40
If theſe would have their prayers be heard, or no:
For, in great ſtakes, we piouſly ſuppoſe,
Men pray but very faintly they may loſe.
Leave off theſe wagers; for, in conſcience ſpeaking,
The city needs not your new tricks for breaking: 45
And if you gallants loſe, to all appearing,
You'll want an equipage for volunteering;
While thus, no ſpark of honour left within ye,
When you ſhould draw the ſword, you draw the guinea.

EPILOGUE

TO

HENRY II.

[BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver: 5
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love? 10
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?

I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken, 15
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind, 21
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many, 25
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Though for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care, 30
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

Ver. 15. ——— *the miſtreſs would be taken,*
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.]

The incident of Lady Eaſy's throwing her handkerchief over Sir Charles's head, whilſt he was ſleeping, ſeems to have been taken from the Memoirs of Baſſompiere, concerning a Count d'Orgevillier and his miſtreſs, tom. ii. p. 6. 1728. at Amſterdam.

Dr. J. Warton.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this, 5
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould; 11
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford, 15
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:

Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſun-ſhine, in the face of day: 20
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the author's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad, 25
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way; 30
Or, as a rhiming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licenſe, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats ſtand, 35
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' the porridge. 40
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.

Perhaps, you may award by your decree, 45
They ſhould refund ; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would
ſteal.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, you're hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow: 5
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little ſelves you meet; 10
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write! 15
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.

You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven devils, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one. 21
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face. 25
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees; 30
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow: 35
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray:
For every critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD*.

LIKE ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the Parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durſt come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place, 5
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſome little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to ſpare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one, 10
But has as little as the very Parſon:

* This comedy was written by John Dryden, jun. our author's ſecond ſon. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields in 1696. DERRICK.

Both ſay, they preach and write for your in-
ſtruction:
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day. 15
But with the Parſon 'tis another caſe,
He, without holineſs, may riſe to grace;
The Poet has one diſadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd
poor. 20
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's prefer-
ment:
Wit's not his buſineſs, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much yours as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous
beaux. 25

Ver. 15. *The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.*] Dryden did not receive for his plays from the bookſeller above 25l. The third night brought about 70l. The Dedication five or ten guineas perhaps. Tonſon paid Sir Richard Steele for Addiſon's Drummer, 50l. 1715. And Dr. Young received 50l. for his Revenge, 1721. Southerne, for his Spartan Dame, in 1722, had 120l. and now it is 100l. and 150l. There were plays on Sundays till the third year of Charles the Firſt's reign. Otway had but one benefit for a play. Southerne was the firſt who had two benefits from a new repreſentation. Farquhar had three for Conſtant Couple in 1700. Three of Ben Johnſon's plays, Sejanus, Catiline, and the New Inne, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's, viz. The Faithful Shepherdeſs, and the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, were damned the firſt night. Even the Silent Woman had like to have been condemned. Dr. J. Warton.

You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The taylor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs, and monſtrous muff. 30
The truth on' t is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope,
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe,
For though the immortal ſpecies never dies, 36
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he ſcarce can find
One fool, for million that he left behind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PILGRIM *.

REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worſe, their brother Poets damn the Play, 5
And roar the loudeſt, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—That's I.
He, who writes letters to himſelf, would ſwear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there. 10

* This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a ſecular maſque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortune being at that time in as declining a ſtate as his health: they were both ſpoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden's ſatisfaction. DERRICK.

What ſhould a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhown:
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find. 15
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool, and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen, 20
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job. 25
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he founders in, and ſinks down right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule, 30
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come. 35
But when, if after all, this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear;

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw 'em in again. 40
At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day, 45
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back: 50
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

PILGRIM *.

PERHAPS the parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But ſure, a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought. 6
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before. 10
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud ſo good a government to ſerve;

* Dryden in this epilogue labours to throw the fault of the licentiouſneſs of dramatic writers, which had been ſo ſeverely cenſured by the Rev. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from baniſhment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates; and whom to pleaſe was the poet's buſineſs, as he wrote to eat. DERRICK.

And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt, 15
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new. 20
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
'Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion, 25
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication. 30
Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the barefac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend. 35
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?

For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is, 41
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains, 45
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oates, and we our Hains.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS,

AND

HORACE.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND MISCELLANY.

FOR this laſt half year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlation. The cold proſe fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in THE HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in this volume of Verſe Miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf, a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them, which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking; but there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occaſion of it. It was my Lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; which made me uneaſy till I tried whether or no I was ca-

pable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is like a ſeeming demonſtration in the Mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion; for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh; and where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Engliſhman, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike

himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without ſome indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame Poets, whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good Poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than his carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many, who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: 'tis impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt, which he contracted, while he was

laying in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his ſubjects, or his expreſſions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man ſhould be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it ſufficient, that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle; but he muſt be a maſter of them too: he muſt perfectly underſtand his author's tongue, and abſolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough tranſlator, he muſt be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's ſenſe in good Engliſh, in poetical expreſſions, and in muſical numbers: for, though all theſe are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder taſk; and 'tis a ſecret of which few tranſlators have ſufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which diſtinguiſhes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but

the ſtyle and verſification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I ſee, even in our beſt poets, who have tranſlated ſome parts of them, that they have confounded their ſeveral talents; and, by endeavouring only at the ſweetneſs and harmony of numbers, have made them both ſo much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I ſhould never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected againſt a late noble painter *, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf, more than thoſe who ſat to him. In ſuch tranſlators I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the hand which performed the work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their poet from another. Suppoſe two authors are equally ſweet, yet there is as great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs, as in that of ſugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my tranſlations out of four ſeveral poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſidered the genius and diſtinguiſhing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a ſuccinct, grave, and majeſtic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and ſyllable: who was ſtill aiming to crowd his ſenſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he could; for which reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe is every

* Sir P. Lely.

where ſounding the very thing in your ears, whoſe ſenſe it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and that verſe commonly which they call golden, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of numbers and ſound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word; ſo that minding only ſmoothneſs, he wants both variety and majeſty. But to return to Virgil: though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of Synalæphas, and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles; he maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, (which is the vice of Lucan.) I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows

of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous of any tranſlation of the Æneids: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible; becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined by the ſenſe of the inventor to thoſe expreſ-

ſions which are the neareſt to it: ſo that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that Epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that verſion, which has more of the majeſty of Virgil, has leſs of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for myſelf, is only that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a ſpeech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my ſad example, from the ſacrilege of tranſlating Virgil. Yet, by conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well, as to have ſatisfied myſelf.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the Roman in its majeſty: neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt underſtands their force. This diction of his, I muſt once again ſay, is never to be copied; and,

ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt tranſlation. The turns of his verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the haſtineſs of my performance, would allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſenſe; but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I underſtand him better: at leaſt I writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lauſus I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's ſenſe; but they are too like the tenderneſs of Ovid, and were printed before I had conſidered them enough to alter them. The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the copy is at the preſs; the ſecond is this;

When Lauſus died, I was already ſlain.

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight; but I am convinced for many reaſons, that the expreſſion is too bold; that Virgil would not have ſaid it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſſion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two lines, which are more according to the author;

Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign;
As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to conſider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts

of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of Roman Poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſy taſk to Virgil; who as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had choſen a ſubject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical deſcriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you ſee Virgil has imitated with great ſucceſs, in thoſe four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verſe he has likewiſe followed, in thoſe places which Lucretius has moſt laboured, and ſome of his very lines he has tranſplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing character of Lucretius (I mean of his ſoul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and poſitive aſſertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reaſon, and aſſuming an abſolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and uſing a magiſterial authority, while he inſtructs him. From his time to ours, I know none ſo like him, as our Poet and Philoſopher of Malmſbury. This is that perpetual dictatorſhip, which is exerciſed by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet ſeems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain ſincerity, I believe, he

differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them, whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the lofttiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd,

that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural arguments; at leaſt, to take away rewards and puniſhments, is only a pleaſing proſpect to a man, who reſolves before-hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen inſupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confined to the ſhortneſs of our preſent being, eſpecially when we conſider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the exceſſes, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be uncapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always, when a paſſion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Chriſtian faith, which is the proper buſineſs of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into Engliſh) not belonging to the mortality of the ſoul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable man, to make him leſs in love with life, and

conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of death. Such as are the natural ſatiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the ſame things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleaſures; the decay of underſtanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and uſeleſs to others. Theſe, and many other reaſons, ſo pathetically urged, ſo beautifully expreſſed, ſo adorned with examples, and ſo admirably raiſed by the *Proſopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in ſpeaking to her children, with ſo much authority and vigour, deſerve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unſucceſsful, or unworthy of my author: at leaſt I muſt take the liberty to own, that I was pleaſed with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not diſſatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is ſomething, and that of ſome moment, to be objected againſt my engliſhing the * Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can leſs eaſily anſwer why I tranſlated it, than why I thus tranſlated it. The objection ariſes from the obſcenity of the ſubject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verſes. In the firſt place, without the leaſt formality of an excuſe, I own it pleaſed me: and let my enemies make the worſt they can of this confeſſion: I am not yet ſo ſecure from that paſſion, but that I want my author's antidotes againſt it. He

* Omitted in the preſent edition.

has given the trueſt and moſt philoſophical account both of the diſeaſe and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reaſons I tranſlated him. But it will be aſked why I turned him into this luſcious Engliſh? for I will not give it a worſe word. Inſtead of an anſwer, I would aſk again of my ſupercilious adverſaries, whether I am not bound, when I tranſlate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfied was honeſt and inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his expreſſion, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeneſs of thought and words being thus caſhiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, phyſicians muſt not ſtudy nature, anatomies muſt not be ſeen, and ſomewhat I could ſay of particular paſſages in books, which, to avoid profaneneſs, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to inſtruct as well as pleaſe. It is moſt certain that barefaced bawdry is the pooreſt pretence to wit imaginable. If I ſhould ſay otherwiſe, I ſhould have two great authorities againſt me. The one is the Eſſay on Poetry, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roſcommon ſo happily begins his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe: the other is no leſs than our admired Cowley, who ſays the ſame thing in other words: for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

Much leſs can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face:
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The author bluſh, there, where the reader muſt.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Eſſay; for he aſſerts plainly, that obſcenity has no place in wit: the other only ſays, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill ſort of wit, which has nothing more to ſupport it than bare-faced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itſelf, and fulſome to the reader. But neither of theſe will reach my caſe: for in the firſt place, I am only the tranſlator, not the inventor; ſo that the heavieſt part of the cenſure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have uſed the groſſeſt words, but the cleaneſt metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadneſs of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philoſophical exacted.

There are a ſort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noiſe about a verbal ſlip; though Horace would inſtruct them better in true criticiſm:

——— non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet againſt the little

judge. It is a ſign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or ſyllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midſt of an ill-natured generation of ſcribblers, there is always juſtice enough left in mankind, to protect good writers: and they too are obliged, both by humanity and intereſt, to eſpouſe each other's cauſe againſt falſe critics, who are the common enemies.

This laſt conſideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned tranſlator of Lucretius. I have not here deſigned to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has ſo juſtly acquired by the whole author, whoſe fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our tranſlation are very different; he follows him more cloſely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he uſed my method in ſo long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already eſtabliſhed in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obſcure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemned, I refer myſelf to his excel-

lent annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

My preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by ſo tedious a beſpeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman ſhall quickly be diſpatched, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the Roman.

That which diſtinguiſhes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raiſes him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming of a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes: he ſhews his art and learning by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the ſame difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Taſſo's Aminta and the Paſtor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, *mai eſce del boſco;* that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country

ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spenſer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh; for which reaſon I forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions.

I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satiriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of gods and providence, only to ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, (if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his Odes. Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: ſome of them are panegyrical, others moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every Ode. That which

will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, to ſpeak Engliſh, in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *Curioſa Felicitas*, and which I ſuppoſe he had from the *feliciter audere* of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character ſeems to me to be, his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good humour; and thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleaſed me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric Verſe: it is that, which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh: for which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: but it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom, to keep the reſt in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was

poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind modeſtly, and without injury to his ſacred aſhes, ſomewhat of the purity of the Engliſh, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verſe, is yet wanting. As for the ſoul of it, which conſiſts in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the maſterly figures, and the copiouſneſs of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itſelf be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the eſſential, what rules of morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradiſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongſt his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along ſometimes, for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to ſay, that, in imitating him, our numbers ſhould, for the moſt part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majeſty of thought requires it, they may be ſtretched to the Engliſh Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of

ſix. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verſe can never be complete: the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It muſt be done like the ſhadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad, if I have ſo explained myſelf as to be underſtood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere, et ſentio tantum*, muſt be my excuſe.

There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but, to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general opinion of the beſt judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtored by one man, and ſo groſsly copied by almoſt all the reſt. A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could ariſe, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

——— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me that I ſhould ſay any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miſcellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without ſuſpicion of partiality: others, I am ſure, need it not; and the reſt I have not peruſed.

To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſely: I fear I have been

tedious, and, which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuſe; for it may be reaſonably urged, why he did not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe) why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? The objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment, in theſe uncorrect Eſſays, and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

TO Amaryllis love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head. 5
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire, 10
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn! 15

I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear; 20
How ruddy like your lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far-off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd. 25
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some god transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade, 30
And folded fern, that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood; 35
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs, ſoften'd to the ſight! 40

Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day, 45
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear, 50
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock: 55
Behold that dreadful downfal of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more. 60
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd the infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:

Ver. 42. ——— *and theſe like* break of morn!] "And thoſe eyes the *break of day*." Shakſpeare. JOHN WARTON.

I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow; 65
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers; 70
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
(Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,)
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er, 75
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide; 80
Two milk-white kids run friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice! 85
My right eye itches, ſome good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love. 90

Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife?)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bribe cry'd, Hold; 96
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe 100
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid, 106
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in cœleſtial minds?
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took, 110
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt, 116
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.

My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty. 21
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death; 25
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE

EPITHALAMIUM

OF

HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE

EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed, 6
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a god than he:

For this their artful hands inſtruct the lute to ſound, 10
Their feet aſſiſt their hands, and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the ſtars are kindled in the ſky,
Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed? 15
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous god?
If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep) 20
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night, 25
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore. 30
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:

Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy and ſo fair. 35
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve ſcore viragos of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend, 40
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year, 45
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:
So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn, 50
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend: 55
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſouls inſpire:

Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream; 60
None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell.
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath. 71
This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver box diſtill'd around, 76
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove! 80
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love!
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires!

Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more!
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe, 90
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won. 95

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE

TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſu'd the faireſt nymph of all the plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd, 5
His perſon hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead. 10
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd even to deny.
But, as a hunted panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſtening ears
to ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd, 15
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.

Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
And every feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a ſhrew. 20
Yet could not he his obvious fate eſcape;
His love ſtill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;
And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain, 25
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears ſo tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only her's, would move. 30
Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood,
And there pour'd out the unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke.
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigreſs heart belies thy angel face; 36
Too well thou ſhew'ſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
Thy grandame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown;
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd, 40

I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain; 45
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewel, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go the extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love: 50
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to quench my fires?
Farewel, ye never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans!
What I have ſuffer'd here ye know too well; 55
What I ſhall do the gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lillies hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away: 60
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt 65
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.
When firſt you ope your doors, and, paſſing by,
The ſad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey: 70
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place, 75
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
E'en you are not more pityleſs than death. 80
Then for my corpſe a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear: 85
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.

Thus having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty ſtone (the labour of a team) 90
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe:
Then ſpurning backward, took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door; the ſcornful fair 96
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance of fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch: 101
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the god of Love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatning from a pedeſtal on high: 105
Nodding awhile, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling cruſh'd the ungrateful nymph below:

Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard;
Lovers, farewell, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn; 110
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whoſe vital power, air, earth, and ſea ſupplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might, 5
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear,
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dreſt;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt; 10
And heaven itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is bleſt.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd,

When teeming buds, and chearful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year: 15
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs;
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea: 20
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions doſt thou move, 26
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear, 30
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay 35
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power diſplay;

To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee. 40
Meantime on land and ſea let barbarous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtning world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war 45
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes; 50
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny, 55
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far 5
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy labouring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind, 10
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind;
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend

To outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth. 15
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wiſely ſtints our appetite, 20
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires, 25
That wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfy'd.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls;
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate 30
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath a poplar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream our careleſs limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt, 36
When the warm ſpring with gaudy flowers is dreſt.

Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate:
But the poor patient will as ſoon be found 40
On the hard mattreſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind: 45
Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
Of marſhal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears, 50
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple, or to gold; 55
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe;
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wandring errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years 60
E'en in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.

Thefe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward funfhine can difpel; 65
But nature and right reafon muft difplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkfome
foul to-day.

THE LATTER PART OF

THE THIRD BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS;

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If ſouls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infeſted land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confuſion hurl'd, 5
For the debated empire of the world,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be ſlaves, uncertain who ſhould ſway:
So, when our mortal flame ſhall be disjoin'd,
The lifeleſs lump uncoupled from the mind, 10
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not *feel*, becauſe we ſhall not *be*.
Though earth in ſeas, and ſeas in heaven were loſt,
We ſhould not move, we only ſhould be toſt.

Nay, e'en ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd fate, 15
The ſoul could feel in her divided ſtate,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*
While ſouls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms ſhould revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance; 20
Though time our life and motion could reſtore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this buſtle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pauſe is made, 25
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part
In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,
Which to that other mortal ſhall accrue,
Whom of our matter time ſhall mould anew. 30
For backward if you look on that long ſpace
Of ages paſt, and view the changing face
Of matter, toſt and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry ſhapes, 'tis eaſy for the mind
From thence to infer, that ſeeds of things have been 35
In the ſame order as they now are ſeen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Becauſe a pauſe of life, a gaping ſpace,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the ſenſe are fled. 40

For whoſoe'er ſhall in misfortunes live,
Muſt *be*, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive;
And ſince the man who *is* not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear) 45
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldring limbs ſhall rot, 50
Or flames, or jaws of beaſts devour his maſs,
Know, he's an unſincere, unthinking aſs.
A ſecret ſting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind.
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain; 55
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again;
As if ſome other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought moleſt his head,
What wolf or vulture ſhall devour me dead?
He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can 60
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*, 65
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his ſenſeleſs carcaſe to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beaſts, then why not ſo to burn,

Or drench'd in floods of honey to be ſoak'd, 70
Imbalm'd to be at once preſerv'd and choak'd;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppreſt
With monumental marble on thy breaſt? 75
But to be ſnatch'd from all the houſhold joys,
From thy chaſte wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whoſe little arms about thy legs are caſt,
And climbing for a kiſs prevent their mother's haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure through thy breaſt; 80
Ah! theſe ſhall be no more: thy friends oppreſt
Thy care and courage now no more ſhall free;
Ah! wretch, thou cry'ſt, ah! miſerable me!
One woful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle bleſſings of my life! 85
Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too:
Which, well conſider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep, and never wake again, 90
And, quitting life, ſhalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind;
No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.

The worſt that can befal thee, meaſur'd right, 95
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, Let us make haſte to live, 101
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt, 106
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For, ev'n in ſleep, the body, wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave. 110
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the firſt atoms then, the ſeeds of breath,
Are moving near to ſenſe; we do but ſhake
And rouſe that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety, 115
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,

And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of life has left an empty ſpace. 120
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
" What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more? 125
For if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings, I could give,
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd through thee like a ſieve;
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feaſt, 130
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take thy reſt?
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd through, and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If life be grown a load, a real ill, 135
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.

To pleaſe thee, I have empty'd all my ſtore,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before. 140
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame ſcene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a bill? 145
We ſtand convicted, and our cauſe goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppreſs'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
"Be ſtill, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain." 150
But if an old decrepit ſot lament;
"What thou (ſhe cries) who haſt out-liv'd content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?
But this is ſtill the effect of wiſhing more.
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings; 155
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain deſires, at ſtrife
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy life.
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight,
Ere thou haſt gorg'd thy ſoul and ſenſes with delight. 160

Now leave thoſe joys, unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh comer, and reſign the ſtage;
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her buſineſs to provide
Againſt this ever-changing frame's decay, 165
New things to come, and old to paſs away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Chang'd, but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter muſt be found for things to come,
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Nature's doom. 170
All things, like thee, have time to riſe and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for uſe, to none for property.
Conſider former ages paſt and gone, 175
Whoſe circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt.
What horror ſeeſt thou in that quiet ſtate,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghoſt, no goblins, that ſtill paſſage keep; 181
But all is there ſerene, in that eternal ſleep.
For all the diſmal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye, 185
Or dreads the impending rock to cruſh him from on high:

But fear of chance on earth difturbs our eafy hours,
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver fwell 190
To that prodigious mafs, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monftrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine fpreading acres, or nine thoufand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie; 195
Nor could his corpfe fufficient food fupply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppreft,
Or tyrant paffion preying on his breaft,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reft.
The Sifyphus is he, whom noife and ftrife 200
Seduce from all the foft retreats of life,
To vex the government, difturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applaufe,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And fweats and toils in vain, to mount the fovereign feat. 205
For ftill to aim at power, and ftill to fail,
Ever to ftrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reafon's true account,
To heave the ftone againft the rifing mount?

Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain, 210
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and ſmokes along the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every bleſſing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and ſeaſons vary thy delight, 215
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky veſſels, which the liquor ſpill; 220
To veſſels of their ſex, which none could ever fill.
As for the dog, the furies, and their ſnakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be. 225
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due;
Racks, priſons, poiſons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and ſuffocating ſmoke;
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
The avenging horror of a conſcious mind, 231
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of puniſhment and woe;
But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes an hell on earth, and life a death. 235

Meantime when thoughts of death diſturb thy head;
Conſider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs with their mighty ſtate, 240
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whoſe ſtupendous bridge did the wild waves reſtrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatened wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back:) 245
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor ſpar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common ſlave, by fate in triumph led. 250
The founders of invented arts are loſt;
And wits, who made eternity their boaſt.
Where now is Homer, who poſſeſs'd the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade, 255
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,

Obey'd the ſummons with a chearful face;
Made haſte to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That ſtroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit ſurpaſs'd mankind, as far 260
As does the mid-day ſun the mid-night ſtar.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy ſleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy ſoul but nods at beſt,
Day-dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy breaſt. 266
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whoſe cauſe and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thyſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wandereſt in the labyrinth of life. 270
O, if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breaſt;
Sure they would change their courſe, nor live as now, 275
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſy both in country and in town,
They ſearch a place to lay their burden down.
One, reſtleſs in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load: 280
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.

Another to his villa would retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his country door, 285
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill;
The ſhaking fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill. 290
No proſpect of repoſe, nor hope of eaſe;
The wretch is ignorant of his diſeaſe;
Which known would all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare;
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe; 295
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal ſtate;
That never-changing ſtate, which all muſt keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlaſting ſleep. 300
Why are we then ſo fond of mortal life,
Beſet with dangers, and maintain'd with ſtrife?
A life, which all our care can never ſave;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.

Beſides, we tread but a perpetual round; 305
We ne'er ſtrike out, but beat the former ground,
And the ſame maukiſh joys in the ſame track are found.
For ſtill we think an abſent bleſſing beſt,
Which cloys, and is no bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing wiſh expels it from the breaſt. 310
The feveriſh thirſt of life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of life in the laſt draught may lie:
Nor, by the longeſt life we can attain, 315
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be ſo, 320
As he who dy'd a thouſand years ago.

FROM

THE FIFTH BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

TUM PORRÒ PUER, &c.

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth, 5
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd. 10
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:

Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare, 15
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

THE

THIRD ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

SO may the auſpicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails, 5
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore; 10
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea,
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide; 15

Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain; 20
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep! 25
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane 30
Invade the inviolable main;
The eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain; 35
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew, 40
The robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the fiery race,

In ſwarms the offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground: 45
And limping Death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way, 50
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down. 55

THE

NINTH ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
  Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
  Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound, 5
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
  And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
  And ſprightly wit and love inſpires: 10
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
  To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade; 15
  The winds by his commiſſion blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
  Lay hold upon the preſent hour, 20
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
  To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou get'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys, 25
  That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taſte deſtroys,
  With ſickneſs and unweildy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt; 30
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

The appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
  The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
  The laugh that guides thee to the mark, 35
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

THE

TWENTY-NINTH ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

PARAPHRASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made; 5
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care: 10
No mortal intereſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come: 15
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore: 20
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavoury diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat, 25
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar, 30
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry.

The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock, 35
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor, 40
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human ſight 45
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour; 50
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme. 55

Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down, 60
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, 65
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate, are mine. 70
Not heaven itſelf upon the paſt has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy, 75
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs:

Still various, and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly re-
ſign'd: 85
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me
warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black; 90
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear 95
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering roar; 100

And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek,
Within ſome little winding creek;
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

THE

SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free! 5
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
  Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd, with oxen of their own,
  Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war, 10
  Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
  Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
  And court and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns, 15
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
  To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
  Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin 20

Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep, 25
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or, in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear, 30
And cluſtring grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards. 35
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies:
No god of Sleep he need invoke;
The ſtream, that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes. 40
The wind, that whiſtles through the ſprays,
Maintains the conſort of the ſong;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of winter blows, 45
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear!

Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight, 50
  With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
  Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
  No anxious care invades his health, 55
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
  Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care, 60
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
  Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
  And without noiſe will overſee 65
  His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
  And then produce her dairy ſtore, 70
With wine to drive away the cold,
  And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
  My ſober appetite would wiſh,
  Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh 75
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
  And hither waft the coſtly diſh.

Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
  Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford 80
  Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
  That keep the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
  To the juſt guardian of my ground. 85
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
  The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
  The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke, 90
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
  That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
  With wholeſome food and country mirth. 95
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
  Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
  And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
  But the prevailing love of pelf, 100
  Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

END OF VOL. II.